CŒLESTIA

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THE MANUAL OF ST AUGUSTINE

THE LATIN TEXT
SIDE BY SIDE WITH AN ENGLISH INTERPRETATION

IN THIRTY-SIX ODES

WITH NOTES and A PLEA for the STUDY of MYSTICAL THEOLOGY

BY

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SOMETIME WARDEN AND VICAR OF NEWLAND, GREAT MALVERN.

'Tantum lucere vanum; tantum ardere parum; lucere et ardere perfectum.'
S. BERNARDI *Serm. in Nat. S. Jo. Bap.*

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TO

MY WIFE

THESE ODES

WRITTEN AT VARIOUS TIMES OF SICKNESS AND DISTRESS

ARE DEDICATED

IN GRATEFUL AND LOVING RECOGNITION

OF HER UNCEASING SELF-SACRIFICE, TENDERNESS, AND CARE.

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POSTSCRIPTUM.

A PLEA

FOR THE

STUDY OF MYSTICAL THEOLOGY.

'Quod si æquum reputatur, sicut revera est, ancillas comere et emollire, id est, scientias quæ intelligentiam illustrant exponere ; quanto æquius erit, pulcherrimam dominam, hoc est, *scientiam voluntatis quæ sanctitatis dicitur* perpolire et regalibus indumentis circumdare ; siquidem sola, sine aliis, Deo gratissima est, et reliquæ, sine ista, neque in cœlestem thalamum admittuntur, nec pulchræ et decoræ existimantur.'—ALVAREZ DE PAZ (1560-1620), in *Præf. de Vita Spirituali.*

IT has not been without loss to our English Christian life, that so little has been done popularly to explore the rich pasture-field of mystical Theology.

By mystical Theology is meant that branch of 'the queen of sciences' which deals with the spiritual life of each separate soul, and the means of its gradual growth towards perfect union with God. It differs from dogmatic and from scholastic Theology in being wholly practical ; and from moral Theology in being concerned with a higher end than the mere rooting up of sins and shortcomings. For its end is nothing less than *perfection*, through the union of the human will with the Divine

Will, in all things. This perfection is not, of course, *absolute*; but, nevertheless, it indicates something, more or less, of God communicated to His creature, and it cannot, with propriety, be otherwise described; considering also our Blessed Lord's own Command: 'Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father Which is in Heaven is Perfect.'[1]

It is the perfection implicitly contained in such Scriptural *formulæ* as these: '*To as many as received Him to them He gave power to become the sons of God;*'[2] '*For their sakes, I sanctify Myself, that they also might be sanctified*[3] *through the Truth;*' '*We are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus*[4] *unto good works;*' '*If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;*'[5] '*Partakers of the Divine Nature,*[6] *having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.*'

It is the perfection implied, up and down, in the early Greek patristic Theology, in such expressions as these: '*To be made gods, or Godlike;*' '*To be changed, or transformed, into the Divine Nature;*'[7] '*We become Christ-bearers, con-corporeal and con-sanguineous with Him;*'[8] '*As the Lord, by putting on a Body, was made Man, so we men are made gods*[9] *by the Word of God; as*

[1] St. Matt. v. 48.
[2] Τέκνα Θεοῦ γενέσθαι, St. John i. 12.
[3] ὦσιν ἡγιασμένοι, St. John xvii. 19.
[4] κτισθέντες ἐν Χριστῷ, Eph. ii. 10.
[5] καινὴ κτίσις, 2 Cor. v. 17.
[6] θείας κοινωνοὶ φύσεως, 2 Pet. i. 4.
[7] θεοποιεῖσθαι—ἀποθεῖσθαι—εἰς θεϊκὴν φύσιν μεταβάλλεσθαι.
[8] St. Cyril (A.D. 370), Catech. iv., quoted by Cornelius a Lapide on 2 Pet. i. 4.
[9] θεοποιόμεθα, St. Athanasius (A.D. 326), *Serm.* iv. *contr. Arian.*

far as that Gift can be received in the flesh, and thence also we attain to Eternal Life;' 'Man may attain unto Deity and see the Glory of God.' [1]

Such expressions must, indeed, be taken with all the qualifications which accurate Theology imposes upon them, but they cannot mean less than the utmost *perfection* which God shall place within the reach of man. Essentially, He is, Himself alone, THE Divine Nature; and hypostatically or personally, Christ is the only MAN Who partakes of that Divine Nature; but the faithful members of Christ, though neither essentially nor hypostatically, yet 'accidentally' and 'substantially' too (if I may use scientific terms for the sake of accuracy), are permitted to take part in the Nature of God.

By sanctifying Grace, which is an *accidens* infused into the soul by God, we may be raised above the dignity of the Angels, and become Godlike: '*Behold what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.*' [2] And, by something more than sanctifying Grace—even by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit Himself, a condition inseparable from Justification and Adoption—by something more than His Gifts, even by the very inhabitation of us as in a Temple [3] by His Person, we may become 'perfect,' according to the measure of that Divine Nature which we receive.

[1] St. Gregory Naz. (A.D. 370), *Orat.* 42. Nicetas (A.D. 1017), in his *Commentary*, explains the passage: 'Deification is the aim or end (*terminus*) of every action and contemplation.' Consult Cornelius a Lapide on 2 Pet. i. 4.

[2] 1 John iii. 1.

[3] 1 Cor. vi. 19.

What but the force of this truth supplies the interpretation of St. Basil's high language, when he speaks of 'souls bearing the Holy Ghost,[1] themselves becoming spiritual,[2] and shedding forth grace on other men;' 'hence perseverance in God;[3] hence likeness to God;[4] hence becoming God,[5] than which there is nothing more sublime'?[6]

The true scope, then, of mystical Theology is the reformation and sanctification of the interior life; and the word 'mystical' has only created prejudice and suspicion, because of corruptions and abuses with which aberrations from that scope have been attended.

The *word*, in Christian use, dates from the introduction of systematic Theology; but the *thing* is true from the beginning. There is no need to take offence at what may be called its Platonic origin.[7] Cicero could not only accept it, but could write, almost like a Christian about it. He commended the mysteries (*initia*, as they were called), because, in his judgment, they set forth true principles of conduct, not only as a means of living happily, but of dying with a better hope.[8] Yet he did

[1] *αἱ Πνευματοφόροι.* [2] *αὐταί τε ἀποτελοῦνται Πνευματικαί.*

[3] *διαμονή.* [4] *ἡ πρὸς Θεὸν ὁμοίωσις.* [5] *Θεὸν γενέσθαι.*

[6] *τὸ ἀκρότατον τῆς ὀρέκτης.* See St. Basil, *Lib. de Spiritu Sancto*, c. ix. § 23 (Ben. ed. vol. iii. p. 20).

[7] To be initiated in the sacred doctrine of restoration to that lost perfection of which some obscure tradition remained was called *μυεῖσθαι.* Hence *τὸ μυστικὸν* was the doctrine itself, and those who were indoctrinated *οἱ μυούμενοι, οἱ μυσταγωγούμενοι*, or *οἱ τελούμενοι.*

[8] *De Legibus*, ii. See Martin Gerbert, O.S.B., *Præfatio ad Principia Theologiæ Mysticæ.*

not know that the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST is the only instrument which can effect such a purpose by the true process of 'transformation'—by the renewing of the mind 'proving what is that good and acceptable and perfect Will of God.'[1]

There is, happily, no difficulty in detecting pseudo-mysticism—in distinguishing the false from the true. Idle speculations and fanciful theories can seldom pass current for deep aspirations after Grace and earnest efforts after practical holiness. The palmary error of the Christian pseudo-mystics is almost a worse condition than the *μύησις* and *τελεταί* of the Athenians, because it avows a separation between theory and practice which is fatal to moral truth.

The threefold division of the spiritual life, on earth, into the purgative stage, the illuminative stage, and the unitive stage, is founded upon St. Gregory's distinction[2] of *exordium* (the start), *profectus* (advance), and *perfectio* (perfection), and is both true in basis and convenient in form. But it is easy to see how some of the greatest errors in Morals have proceeded from it, when theory had once been separated from practice. So long as man remains in the flesh he is pledged to a continuous state of active war. Nor does the season of preparation end with death. Strictly speaking, therefore, he can *never* altogether emerge from 'the purgative stage,' until he shall have passed into the Beatific Vision.

[1] Rom. xii. 2. [2] St. Gregory, *Hom. in Ezek.* xv.

But, as man's physical condition may be called 'perfect' in different senses, according to the stage, of infancy, of youth, or of manhood, to which the word is applied; so, in his spiritual condition, there is one perfection of the *beginner*, which excludes from the operation of the will all deadly sin, as being contrary to love; another perfection of the *proficient*, in which love is strengthened and increased by continual exercise in positive acts; and a third perfection of the *perfect*, in which, having been purged from all known sin, and enlightened by grace, the will is brought more and more closely into union with God's Will, and more and more truly detached from the world.

No human power can measure the *amount* of grace which raises the soul to this perfection, which God reserves to Himself to give or to withhold. Except the Man Christ Jesus, no man has ever fulfilled the measure of absolute perfection; and yet every man might 'grow on unto perfection' far more certainly than he has ever yet grown, if he would more perfectly respond to the Gifts and opportunities which have been vouchsafed to him.

It is very remarkable how the denial of the fundamental truths of the Catholic Faith, respecting the Incarnation of God and the Gift of Grace, underlies the heresies, in common, of Apollinarians, Eutychians, Monothelites, Pelagians, and the pseudo-mystics, and how, probably, the doctrine of the Stoic philosophy concerning *dispassion* (ἀπάθεια) lies at the bottom of nearly all.

The Pelagians, of the fifth century, held that good men might attain to a state of perfection in which not only no sin, but no tendency even indeliberate tendency to sin, could disturb their repose. And so they implicitly denied the power of prayer. To do their work, in their own way and in their own strength, was, in their view, to pray.

So also the Beguards or Beguins of Flanders, in the thirteenth century, believed that men might become so absolutely perfect, in this life, as to need no helps from prayer or sacraments, from fast or vigil, or any kind of good work. They might become simply impeccable. And they allowed of no recognition of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist, or in any of the mysteries of the Incarnation.

Again, the Alumbrados or Spanish *illuminati* of the sixteenth century held all the Beguard heresies, and added some of their own, amounting to sixty-six in all. Their view about prayer was that there is no need for it, because 'we know not what to pray for as we ought;' that, moreover, there would be in it the danger of thinking of Christ's Passion and of His Humanity; that *silence* is the truest form of prayer; for even a single *Pater Noster* is incompatible with perfect resignation to God.

Finally, the Quietists of the seventeenth century, of whom Molinos, the greatest of the modern pseudo-mystics, was the founder, adopted the same errors, only maintaining and developing them with more extrava-

gance. One of their condemned propositions was that whosoever is resigned to the Will of God has not only no need to pray, but that prayer, in him, would be a sign of imperfection. And another, that no act of love should be paid to the Humanity of Christ, because both the Object and the Act of such devotion are *sensible* things.[1]

The fundamental error of false mysticism, therefore, lay deep down in heresy respecting our Blessed Lord's Person and the nature and need of His Divine Grace. The Molinists gave the rein to mere nature, in maintaining a *quasi* indifference to the freaks of the flesh, so long as they retained their fancied union with God through abstract contemplation. Love became with them a glorified form of selfishness; Faith, a mere craving for a state of ecstasy; and Hope, a thing unknown. Excluding the Incarnate GOD and the Adorable Trinity from their contemplation, there is no wonder if it resulted naturally in a sort of idolatrous deification of themselves. The height of their aim being the fancied '*osculum unionis*,' or kiss of union, they believed that the soul passes into its divine origin and primal perfection—passes not only into the Divine Image, but into Divinity itself.

It is impossible to conceive a theory more repugnant alike to sound philosophy and to Theology than this sabbath, or '*quies*,' of the 'contemplative' life; or anything more directly opposed to St. Paul's energetic order

[1] For an account of these heresies, consult Richard and Giraud's *Bibliothèque Sacrée*.

to 'put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and to be renewed in the spirit of our mind, and to put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.'[1]

But, in good truth, the mystical side is the proper *mean* between the theoretical and the practical sides of Theology. Partaking of both, it supplies that knowledge or science[2] which teaches how to enjoy 'the chief good,' that is, God; and how to renew the interior man, in order to a higher standard of obedience and holiness here, and to an Eternal Happiness hereafter. Nowhere but in Christianity is this science to be found; and yet it is within the Christian Church that it has been abused.

The history of its corruption begins with the Gnostics of the first century. And, though Clement of Alexandria was the first who undertook formally to restore its original glory, in the person of the ideal Gnostic of his 'Pædagogus;' yet even he fell into the snare of that indifference[3] which made shipwreck of the modern mystics, and by which he practically proposed to denude mankind of all human affections.

The Pseudo-Dionysius was the first to formulate an occult method of attaining to God by negations and mental extravagances, to which others added strange and unheard-of definitions; so that 'Mystical Theology' became a vehicle for expressing the most fanatical and paradoxical notions; and that, by a terminology pro-

[1] Eph. iv. 22. [2] γνῶσις. [3] ἀπάθεια.

portionately difficult, partly evolved from assumed personal inspirations, and partly borrowed from the Pythagorean, Platonic, and Stoic schools of philosophy. For example, we read, in the works of Gerson, the great Chancellor of Paris, the refutation of an idea, imputed to Rysbrock (a celebrated mystic of the latter half of the fourteenth century), that man has ceased to be a *creature*.[1]

Nor were such delusions confined to a sect like the Molinists, who were heretics bred within the Roman communion in Spain; but they were rife among the Anabaptists and Lutherans and Calvinists of the Continent. We read of the French or Flemish Calvinist minister Poiret, with his lady accomplice Antoinette Bourignon, doing far more real mischief in their generation to faith and morals, than was ever falsely attributed to the fanatical, but well-meaning, Madame Guion, and the cruelly calumniated but saintly Fénelon.[2]

The special tendency of thought, in our own time, is

[1] In his epistle to 'Brother Bartholomew the Carthusian;' see Gerson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 59. It is fair to say that Cardinal Bellarmine and Dionysius the Carthusian undertook to defend Rysbrock from Gerson's criticisms; and that, after examination of the whole case, they not only acquitted him of heresy, but bestowed upon him the highest praise for spiritual depth and learning.

[2] See Gerbert, *Principia Theolog. Myst.* sec. i. cc. 1, 2. There is a curious confirmation of the extent to which this mischief reached in No. 761 of *Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 311, where it is recorded that in Scotland, 'in Aberdeenshire and the Mearns, a by no means inconsiderable number of Episcopalians believed in the extraordinary delusions of Antoinette Bourignon, the Flemish enthusiast of the seventeenth century. Ministers of the Church (Kirk) of Scotland are still called upon, at their ordination, to repudiate a belief in Bourignonism, which most are easily able to do, from their ignorance of its derivation and tenets.'

not in the direction of that enthusiasm and fanaticism which misled the pseudo-mystics. It is rather towards the more mischievous side of their delusion—to that self-reliance, that self-indulgence, that utter indifference to the violence of evil passions, which, while it gave system to their so-called religion, gave it an impulse directly contrary to 'the mind of Christ.'

We too, in the nineteenth century, are surrounded by an atmosphere of thought that takes liberties with God; aspires to reach Him in its own time and way and method; claims to have no fear, no reverence, no wonder (*nil admirari*[1]); and demands to be free to live for self, free to gratify the lusts to which nature prompts, without being troubled about such truths as original corruption, or a lost Image, or a Sacrifice of propitiation, or a transforming Grace, or a renewed life. When we add to this the din of controversy and the strife of tongues on all religious subjects, there is too much ground for alarm at the spiritual prospect which meets us everywhere.

It is in the humble hope and persuasion that some will find in it consolation, and if not a remedy yet some relief from present evils, that this attempt to popularise a work of an 'Age of Faith' is now made.

The 'Manual of St. Augustine' is one of many examples of that truer and sounder mystical Theology with which it were to be wished the English people

[1] Horace, *Lib. Ep.* i. 6. Democritus, before the Stoic Philosophy, had invented this 'virtue,' and called it ἀθαυμασία.

were more familiar, the end of which is nothing less than Christian perfection; neither the profane self-competency of the Pelagian, nor the dreamy self-complacency of the Quietist; but that perfection which abides, *habitually*, as the *aim* and purpose and work of daily life; that perfection which will crown a lifelong reformation, through the operation of Grace on the interior man; a lifetime of 'purgation' by repentance; a lifetime of 'illumination' in the Light of Christ Who is the 'true Light;' and a lifetime of 'union,' begun on earth through loving God 'with all the heart, and all the mind, and all the soul, and all the strength,' and perfected in the unspeakable Joy of Heaven.

The measure of blessing which true mystical Theology provides for the soul may be estimated by the effects produced, under God, by a single writer—the simple Augustinian monk, Thomas à Kempis (1371–1471), whose authorship of the *Imitatio Christi* Chancellor Gerson has probably placed beyond a doubt.

This work, translated into every language spoken by Christians, has taken and retained a place, second only to the Holy Scriptures and the Divine Liturgy, in the devotions of thousands for four hundred years.

The greatest masters of the spiritual life, like St. Ignatius Loyola and Luis of Granada, and the most learned of Theologians, like the Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine, have alike recorded their testimony, that, open the book where they would, they always found their *present* need supplied by it, and that the more

familiar they became with it, the more they discovered its ever-renewed freshness and sweetness.[1]

Other specimens of true Mystical Theology may be cited:—

1. Out of the treasures of the great fourth age:

The 'Sermones Ascetici,' and many other portions, of St. Basil.

The 'De Nomine Christiani,' the 'De Oratione Dominica,' the 'De Octo Beatitudinibus,' the 'De Vita Mosis' of St. Gregory Nyssen.

The 'De Compunctione,' 'De Providentia,' 'De Orando,' and 'De Pœnitentia' of St. Chrysostom.

The 'De Officiis,' the 'Exposition of the Psalms,' and the Books on the 'Patriarchs,' of St. Ambrose.

The 'Confessions' and the 'Exposition of the Psalms' of St. Augustine.

2. From the wealth of the fifth and sixth centuries:

The 'Collationes' of John Cassian.

The 'Scala Paradisi' of John Climacus.

The 'Libri Morales' of St. Gregory.

The 'Sententiæ' of Isidorus Hispalensis.

3. Out of the very mixed abundance of the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries:

The 'Meditations' and 'Prayers' of St. Anselm.

The Sermons and 'Exposition of the Song of Songs' of St. Bernard.

[1] 'Ubi etiam fortuito aperiret, ut quæ præsenti necessitati convenientia essent, occurrerent.' 'Opusculum sæpissime volvi et revolvi, et semper mihi novum apparuit, et nunc etiam mirifice cordi meo sapit.' See edition of *Imitatio* by J. Merle Horst, Paris, 1664.

Not to speak in detail of the profound meditations of such writers as Richard and Hugo of St. Victor, William of Paris, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Dionysius the Carthusian, John Tauler, John Gerson, and Lawrence Justinian the Patriarch of Venice.

4. Finally, among the later writers:

Luis of Granada, Francis Suarez, J. Eusebius Nieremberg, Blosius the Benedictine, Francis Arias, St. François de Sales, and Cardinal Bona.

But the 'Manuale,' printed by the Benedictine Fathers in their Appendix to the sixth volume of the works of St. Augustine, commends itself with special fitness for the present purpose.[1]

Attributed not only to St. Augustine, but to St. Anselm, and to Hugo of St. Victor, the book cannot, with *certainty*, be assigned to any one writer.

The compiler was probably the author of the book 'De Spiritu et Anima,' in the same Benedictine Appendix, generally attributed to Alcherus the learned monk of Clairvaux.

But, whoever he may be, he was (if we may trust the judgment of Erasmus) a man of the most varied and

[1] An English translation, in black letter, of 'S. Augustines Manuell, or little booke of the Contemplation of Christ, or of Gods worde, whereby the remembraunce of the heauenly desires which is falne asleepe may be quickened up again,' was printed, 'at London by John Daye, dwellyng over Aldersgate, 1577, cum gratia et privilegi Regiæ Majestatis.' An exact and beautiful reprint of this edition, with its illuminated border, was issued from the press of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Shaw, of New Street Square, in 1850. Whether any copies still remain, I do not know.

extensive learning; and he has gathered together gems from the writings of St. Augustine, Gennadius, Boethius, Cassiodorus, Isidorus Hispalensis, Bede, Alcuin, Hugo Victorinus, St. Bernard, and many others.

It is not impossible that what will appear to some an objection, at first sight, may turn out to be an advantage. There can be no doubt that some will weary of what they will call the repetitions and sameness of the book. But repetition is not necessarily sameness; and the mind that is always wearied by repetitions, being probably deficient in the capacity of apprehending more than one side of a subject, will be none the worse for a little exercise in the discipline of patient examination of that law, of *variety under unity*, which governs the art of meditation.

It may, perhaps, seem wearisome to repeat again and again the expression of such dogmatic *formulæ* as that, God having become Man, our humanity is His, and His Divinity is ours, through the Personality of Christ; or again, that Love is the supernatural reformer and transformer of the human will; or again, that Sacrifice is the divinely appointed way of perfection. But such truths are, so to say, the master-keys which open out and reveal an endless variety of subordinate mysteries; and the frequent iteration of them to the mind is but an invitation to the exercise of concentration and *intension*, correcting distraction and *extension*, in the process of devout thought.

In His greatest act of devotion in prayer, our Blessed

Lord used the repetition of the same words; but who shall say what a multitude of objects were present to His human mind, varying the force of each word each time that it was uttered, though, each time, the word was the same? And, when the Holy Ghost revealed to St. Peter the election of the Gentiles, He repeated the same act and the same words three times; but the effect on the apostle seems only to have been to make his meditation on the mystery (διενθυμουμένου is one reading) the more searching, thorough, exhaustive, profound. Perhaps, therefore, the repetitions in the 'Manuale' do but give emphasis to those many-sided master-truths, without which, in meditation, mere variety would distract us by want of unity, and mislead us by want of precision; it would be much as the variety of Psalms, in the Hour offices of the Church, would be without the repeated Antiphons—those keynotes which keep fresh sides of the same matter from falling into confusion.

The Latin text has been collated by the Benedictine Fathers with the best manuscripts, and, after a careful comparison with the text of the Theological Press of Méguignon jun. of Paris, is reproduced here for the benefit of the more learned reader.

The 'Odes' are a humble effort to convey the *substance* in an English dress; and the Notes are an attempt, as far as possible, to refer the matter of meditation to the sources from which it comes.

It may not be unprofitable to some, if I draw a sketch, by way of practical illustration, of the *sort* of help which devout people may derive from mystical Theology.

Taking one of the most learned, as well as one of the holiest, experts in the science—Cardinal Bona—and gathering up his counsels from his very full and beautiful treatise, 'Via Compendii ad Deum,' or an epitome of the Way to God, let me suggest the sort of assistance which he would give us.

I. First he would say: 'What you most want to realise, as indispensable, is the continual consciousness of the Presence of God.'

In order to put our dulness to shame he would quote the best of the heathen, and especially that passage in Seneca where he pleads, with Lucilius, that prayer is not the cry of a soul to a mere external Power, to be brought nearer in order to be heard better; because God is always close to us, with us, within us. 'I tell thee, Lucilius, the Holy Spirit (*Sacer Spiritus*) is throned within us, the Observer of all that is evil, and the Keeper of all that is good; and, as He is treated by us, so are we treated by Him. There is no man good *apart* from God.' Therefore, the unintermitting consciousness of God's Presence would be the first point which he would press.

II. Then he would say that nothing is further from the ordinary life of most men than such a consciousness; that the sun is shining on the blind, and yet they are cut off from the light; that this was St. Augustine's

great sorrow, 'that we do not live in the company of God, apart from Whom we have no life at all; for, not remembering Him, and apprehending His nearness, and loving Him, we are not living *with* Him.'[1] And he would urge upon us the *habit* of making continual aspirations, or short ejaculatory prayers, it may be, every hour, as one of the greatest helps to preserving an abiding sense of His Presence.

Just as, when the eye is in real love with an object, it sees nothing but the object of its love, so the Love of God will stimulate these aspirations. The thought of His Presence will excite the aspirations, and the aspirations will sustain the thought of His Presence.[2]

III. He would then go on to define an aspiration or an ejaculation, and to give examples—indeed, to supply whole *decades* of examples[3]—for the use of persons in every stage of the spiritual life.

'An aspiration,' he would say, 'is a breathing out, towards God, of the vital energy of the soul, by which process alone the soul lives, as truly as the body lives alone by the process of ordinary respiration; and an ejaculation is the same thing, under the symbol of an arrow or dart (*jaculum*) sent up to Heaven to pierce the Heart of God.'

[1] *De Trinitate*, xiv. c. 12.

[2] St. François de Sales speaks of 'ejaculations' as 'the fabric of devotion, sufficient to fill up the defects of all other prayers, while their own omission cannot be supplied at all.' (*Introd. Vie Dév.* part ii. c. 13.)

[3] There are twenty-eight *Decades* of aspirations given in chapters xi., xii., xiii. of the *Via Compendii ad Deum*.

These aspirations are simply short prayers. 'Men ought always to pray and not to faint.'[1] But, to make this possible, prayer must take a practicable shape. The words are said in an instant or two and pass, but their fruits remain; and their passage is not *away*, but onwards and upwards; it is a *continuity* of supplication or of praise, by reason of the continuity of the love and the desire which prompted and started it. The desire of Love is a perpetual prayer; it is an unceasing *sursum corda.*

Then he would fortify himself with the testimony of St. Augustine,[2] to the short and warm ejaculations habitually offered by the monks of the Egyptian desert; with prescriptions to the same effect out of the 'Institutes' and 'Collations' of John Cassian;[3] and with St. Chrysostom's[4] advice to the people of Antioch to defeat the Devil's snare of distraction, which *long* prayers only encourage, by short and frequent petitions. He would adopt St. Jerome's well-known suggestion that 'a few prayers well said are better than many prayers ill said;' and that 'better is it to sing five Psalms with purity of heart and the calmness of spiritual joy, than the whole Psalter with a mind distracted by anxiety and cares.'

He would then give examples of 'prayers without a host of words'—*orationes sine agmine verborum*—as Tertullian[5] calls them.

[1] St. Luke xviii. 1.
[2] *Epist. ad Probam.*
[3] *Inst.* lib. ii. cc. 10, 11; *Collat.* lib. ix. cap. ult.
[4] *Hom. ad Pop. Ant.* lxxix.
[5] Tertullian, *De Orat.* c. 1.

'*Have mercy upon me, O God;*'—'*Have mercy*,' says St. Chrysostom,[1] 'is our confession of sin; for it is the sinner that needs mercy. "*Have mercy upon me*" is the prayer that receives forgiveness of sin; for he that has obtained mercy has escaped punishment; he is not only delivered from punishment, on whom God has had mercy, but he is made partaker of all future good.'

'*Strengthen me, O Lord God, this hour*,' or '*this day*,' with Judith.[2] '*Have mercy on me, Thou Son of David*,' and '*Lord help me*,' with the woman of Canaan. '*Holy, Holy, Holy!*' with the mystical Beasts of the Revelation.

Of St. Marcella, St. Jerome[3] writes that she continually ejaculated—'*Thy words have I hid within my heart, that I should not sin against Thee.*'[4]

John Cassian[5] especially commends the habitual use of '*O God, make speed to save me*,' '*O Lord, make haste to help me.*'

Macarius[6] advises, '*O Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt;*' '*Have mercy on me, O Lord, even as Thou knowest and willest.*'

St. Francis would say, all night long—'*My God, my All*' (*Deus meus et Omnia*). Didacus Martinez would never cease his '*Thanks be to Thee, O God.*'

Drexelius, in his 'Horologium Tutelaris Angeli,'[7] sums up the whole perfection of a good prayer within the compass of three aspirations:

[1] Chrysost. *De Annat.* Hom. iv. 1. [2] Judith xiii. 7.
[3] St. Jerome, *Epist.* xvi. [4] Psalm cxix. 11.
[5] *Collationes*, x. [6] Rosweyd. *Vitæ Patrum*, lib. v. c. 12.
[7] *Hora secunda Diei*, p. 11.

1. *Blessed be God for ever.*

2. *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy great mercy; although I am less, O Lord, than the least of all Thy mercies.*

3. *O my Lord and my God, I offer myself to Thee for all Thy good pleasure; Thy will be done!*

'These,' he says, 'are three golden arrows which contain the eight elements of a good prayer:—praise; thanksgiving; need of help; petition for pardon; humiliation of soul; oblation of self; reverence and fear of God; and mortification of will, which is the chief test of love.'

IV. His next point would be the difficulties which deter us from perseverance in these aspirations.

He would say: These difficulties are nothing but your own impatience; you have so long accustomed yourself to unrestrained liberty, roaming over every field of speculative thought, that you cannot bear the *rein* of the thought of God's Presence. And as the fruits of your efforts delay their coming, you are afraid that there are no fruits to come.

But, as all fruit worth having is worth waiting for, so in this you must 'in patience wait for it.' Besides, you have the advantage of the Holy Spirit to help you. 'It is beyond man's power,' says St. Chrysostom,[1] 'to sustain a colloquy with God, without the active power of the Holy Ghost assisting him.' Therefore, as nothing sustains fire so much as fire, so nothing will keep you up to prayer so well as prayer.

[1] *De Oratione*, lib. ii.

If your aspirations seem cold and insufficient and ineffective, substitute others. Have a stock ready—especially of lamentations and confessions of unworthiness and faithlessness; and go on—never give in—look to the end.

What is the end? It is not in the ejaculations themselves, still less in *your own* contentment and self-satisfaction; it is in perfected union with God. And this will be accomplished, according to His Will and your fidelity. If you leave off your fidelity—ceasing your aspirations, for even so much as a day or an hour, out of distrust or presumption, it is *you* who are letting yourself fall off from God. We must 'go on from strength to strength;'[1] 'he that is righteous must be righteous still.'[2] Not to advance is, already, to turn back. Not to proceed is to fall away. Not to go up is to go down. So St. Augustine,[3] St. Jerome,[4] St. Leo,[5] St. Bernard,[6] warn us. So also St. Gregory[7] interprets the perpetual fire on the Altar[8] to mean the fire of trusting Love, on the altar of the heart, which, ascending to God continually, is *never* extinguished.

V. Then he would proceed to set out the sources from which, and the matter of which, and the order in

[1] Psalm lxxxiv. 7. [2] Rev. xxii. 11.

[3] 'Remanet qui non proficit.' St. Aug. *Serm.* xv. *de verb. Apost.*

[4] 'Nostrum non progredi jam reverti est.' St. Hieronym. *Ep. ad Demetri.*

[5] 'Qui non proficit deficit.' St. Leo, *Serm.* viii. *de Passione.*

[6] 'Non proficere sine dubio deficere est.' St. Bernard, *Ep.* 341.

[7] 'Qui non ascendit descendit.' St. Greg. *Moralia*, lib. xxv. c. 7.

[8] Lev. vi. 12.

which, our stock of prayers should be derived, and composed, and practised.

He would say that the best devotions are those which leave the head clear, and the imagination sound; which avoid all abstract speculations; which do not hinder, but help, the regular discharge of all the daily duties of ordinary life.

First come acts of faith in God's Greatness; in His Power; in His Knowledge; in His Wisdom; in His Providence. And, next to these—acts of faith in God's indwelling Presence in our own souls. *Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* [1]

There is no darker form of ignorance than that in which men live, who are for ever seeking God in outside things, He being, all the while, closer to them than they are to themselves. It was St. Augustine's complaint,[2] *mecum eras et Tecum non eram*—'Thou wert with me and I was not with Thee.' The law of our new Birth is, '*The Kingdom of God is within you*;'[3] in other words, the kingdom is God Himself; and to Him, in His indwelling Presence within the depths of our own being, we must address ourselves, continually and *continuously*, while conscious life remains.

As to sources: The Books of Holy Scripture—especially the Prophetical and Sapiential Books of the Old Testament and the whole of the New Testament, are

[1] I Cor. iii. 16. [2] *Confessions*, lib. x. 27. [3] St. Matt. xvii. 21.

the fullest of all. The words of the Saints and Martyrs and the holy Fathers of the Church come next.

Thomas Massutius recommends a great Book of sources in the three following volumes:—

The first volume is THE WORLD—a huge work always wide open, telling the glory of God; which some read to no purpose, knowing God, but 'not glorifying Him as God,' who are only 'vain in their own imaginations;' which others read to their injury, taking occasion of the creature joys, which they find in it, to withdraw themselves from joy in the Creator; which others read to profit, who contemplate God in His works, and recognise His Love and Goodness, and Power, and Justice, in them all.

The second volume is CONSCIENCE—a small and very obscure and secret book; yet needful to be read in order to find out what a man has been, and is, and will be—what he has done, is doing, and will do; a book written partly by God, and partly by man himself, but how differently!—by God, in golden letters of inspiration and direction and warning and counsel; by man, in the black ink of sins and faults and imperfections.

The third volume is the Book of HOLY SCRIPTURE—Historical, Prophetical, Moral and Mixed, full of mysteries and revelations and threatenings and consolations—and every one of them a separate incentive to the Love of God.

As to topics, or subject matter: our Heavenly Home; the weariness of a worldly life; the Vision of

God; the greatness of Divine Goodness and Mercy; sorrow for sin; gratitude to God; love to God; zeal and intercession for souls; God's Love to us; the Passion of Christ; Divine Providence; conformity to Christ in suffering. Add to these, acts of self-mortification, of penitence, of charity, of humility and other graces.

As to order: practically there need be none. The topics would be taken promiscuously, at will. Love is careless about *order*, when it has exuberance. Often, indeed, the aspiration would go up without words at all, only with sighs 'which cannot be uttered.'

But still some aspirations befit 'beginners' best; and others, best, those who are 'advanced;' and others, again, those who are 'perfect;' though even so, the beginner will do well sometimes to take up the prayer of the perfect, that he may aspire the higher; and the perfect will do well to content himself with the petition of the beginner, that he may not lose humility.

He would adopt here that safeguard against abuse of the word 'perfect,' which one of the profoundest of the spiritual writers, in the generation before him, Francis Suarez, supplies, and insist that its application here is only relative.

'You have reached the highest "perfection" possible on earth,' he would say, 'when you can live in the constant, daily and hourly, recollection of the Presence of God, and when your conscience can testify to the constant diminution over you of the power of sin.

'As your "beginning" stage dates from your baptism, and endures through all the time of your conflict with every form of deadly sin, so your "advance" stage dates from your reduced subjection to passion and temptation, from your increased power of resistance, and your conscious growth in Grace, and endures as long as only lesser sins continue to be committed or with great difficulty to be avoided; but your "perfect" stage begins with your consciousness of such a measure of detachment from outer things, that you have peace in the contemplation of God, undisturbed by the distractions of the world; and this stage can never end.'[1]

For the most part, the topics suited to the 'beginner' would be—horror of Hell; detestation of sin; fear of judgment; contrition; pardon through the Precious Blood; contempt of self; recognition of his own unworthiness. Those suited to the 'advanced' would be—the imitation of Christ and His Saints; gratitude; self-sacrifice; love of all the Christian graces and an earnest desire to possess them. Those suited to the 'perfect' would be—spiritual joy; contemplation of the Divine Majesty; love of God; the sanctifying of His Name; the coming of His Kingdom.

VI. He would then lay down safeguards against unreality, through any overstrain, or through the loss of humility or simplicity. He would enforce the need of discretion: '*Hast thou found honey, eat so much*

[1] See Suarez, Tr. 2, *De virtute et statu Religionis.*

as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith and vomit it.' [1]

These aspirations, therefore, should never be made either fitfully and capriciously, or hastily and perfunctorily, but always with great regularity, and calmness, and deliberation, taking care to keep the mind well in harmony with its occupation. In short, the soul should be conscious, the while, of her fixed and deliberate purpose to seek and to find God, not for her own comfort and joy, but for Himself alone; and for this end, she has much less need of an intellectual effort than of an effort of the will.

John of the Cross,[2] a great expert in spiritual science, speaking to those who, from defect of imagination or other causes, *cannot* 'meditate'—to whom the effort only brings weariness, and dryness, and distaste—advises them to substitute such aspirations as may be sustained, at short intervals, without distraction.

All that is really wanted to make such aspirations fruitful is—purity of heart; simplicity of purpose; detachment in will from the creatures, as rival claimants to God; banishment of hindrances from curiosity, idle talking, human respect, idleness and uselessness. Add to which an earnest desire to advance, humility, freedom from the world, love of spiritual reading, and the love of outward and inward silence.

Bonaventura[3] confirms the counsel of John of the

[1] Prov. xxv. 16. [2] *Ascensc. Mont. Carmeli*, lib. ii. c. 13.
[3] *Speculum Disciplinæ*, part i. cap. 12; *De profectu Religios.* cap. 72.

Cross; he would have us modestly to keep to the simple method of prayer which the Holy Ghost suggests, for which we have the most relish, and to which we have been most used; even though there may be less wealth of devotion in it than in some others; and even though our own poverty of resource shall condemn us to it, and to nothing greater, for all our lifetime. St. Theresa,[1] when she exhorts to *patience* in humbler vocal prayer, protests that it is possible to arrive at 'perfect Contemplation' by no other prayers than the 'Our Father.'

But here Bona would warn us that no amount of apparent progress in spiritual attainments will be anything but a deceit, if there be no reformation and conformity to God in the interior life. '*Fecisti nos Domine ad Te*,' says St. Augustine; '*et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te*.' 'Thou hast made us, O Lord, towards Thyself; and our heart is disquieted, till it shall rest in Thee.' It is not therefore by intellectual acumen, or 'culture,' or scientific 'accomplishments,' that we attain to anything worth having before God; but by the Gift of the Holy Spirit, which is never far from the lowly and simple-minded soul.

He would add from Thomas a Jesu [2] these cautions:—

1. That you do not lose the gift of aspiring to God, be careful to confess to Him your unworthiness to have it. Avoid all self-gratulation and subtle vanity about

[1] *Via Perfect.* cc. 24, 25.

[2] *Liber de Divina Oratione.*

it, and rather be humbled that you do not use it more and better.

2. Be careful not to think less well of others who do not possess this gift; rather believe that they may have greater love and humility without it, than you have with it, and be all the more acceptable to God.

3. Do not be elated by any sensible spiritual comfort and consolation whatsoever. '*If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.*'[1] It will be safer for you to glory, with St. Paul, in the Cross and in your infirmities, than in being exalted even to the third heaven. And, if God should see fit altogether to withdraw His Grace from you, bear it with humility and patience, till He shall see fit to restore It.

4. Be careful to measure your spiritual exercises by your bodily powers. A surfeit of spiritual devotions brings great danger, when, by indiscretion and an undisciplined will, the sweetness of Holy things is more vehemently lusted after than bodily strength will bear.

5. Turn your exuberant wealth of divine grace into exercises of self-denial and the practice of good deeds. Never be so absorbed in devotion as to omit works of mercy and almsgiving, and the *active* duties of a Christian life in the world.

VII. Finally, he would vindicate the claim of St. Gregory's threefold division of the spiritual life, as it has been developed by sound mystical Theologians, from the obscurities and inconsistencies of fanatics and theorists.

[1] Psalm lxii. 10.

He would state it thus :—

With St. Gregory—(1) The start ; (2) The progress ; (3) The finish.

With St. Maximus the Martyr—(1) The slave stage ; (2) The servant stage ; (3) The son stage.

With St. Thomas—(1) The infant stage ; (2) The youth stage ; (3) The man stage.

With St. Dionysius—(1) The stage of purging ; (2) The stage of enlightening ; (3) The stage of perfecting.

The first stage brings the strength of grace cleansing from sin ; the second stage brings the light of truth illuminating the soul ; the third stage brings fervency of love transforming the life.

The first has the function of purifying the senses ; the second of enlightening the reason ; the third of uniting the spirit, or higher part of the soul, to God.

The first stage is more especially appropriate to God the Father, in His great attribute of Power ; the second, to God the Son, Who is the Wisdom of the Father ; and the third, to God the Holy Ghost, Who is the Bond of Love.

In the first stage, man has to deal specially with himself ; in the second, with God ; and in the third, with his transformation into God ; the whole substance of the spiritual life being gathered up into these three problems : *a.* what is man ? *b.* what is God ? and *c.* how shall God and man live on in *One* ?

As fire, in its action upon the green wood, has first to throw off the cold and the moisture which impede its

work; and next, to infuse heat and drought as the elements necessary to its success; and then finally it unites itself to the wood, so that the two become one: so it is with the action of God upon the soul—impediments have first to be swept away; auxiliaries have next to be brought in; and then union may be perfected.

In the first stage are the penitent sinners, after their first conversion—revenging past sin upon themselves, struggling to avoid relapses, withering up bad habits, mortifying violent passions, using discreetly the discipline of fast and vigil and tears, and manifesting all the signs of contrition.

In the second stage are the penitents, laying down every worldly affection, and devoting themselves to simplicity and purity of aim at every known virtue—to the continual study of the Life of Jesus, in all its detail, in order to a closer and closer imitation of His perfection.

In the third stage are still the penitents; but the penitents to whom God has given that peace which comes from a purged and illumined conscience, and which 'passeth all understanding.'

The Love which governs these three stages is one and the same, though the degrees of progress are different.

Yet, oftentimes, it will happen that the 'beginner' will experience some of the rich privileges of the 'perfect,' and be, as it were, *at once* lifted up to taste the

heights of Divine contemplation, in order that his first steps may be strengthened, and the discouragements of early difficulties may be removed.

And, conversely, it will sometimes be that the 'perfect' will be assailed by all the temptations of the beginner, and by even greater difficulties than these, lest he should be unduly exalted, through the greatness of God's goodness manifested to him.

But, that the beginner should have *once* tasted of the sweetness of Life in God will avail to make every other taste insipid; and that the perfect saint should have been buffeted by the trials of the beginner will avail to keep him lowly and self-abased—to make him realise the summit of his hopes as a goal yet a long way off, to be attained only at last.

VIII. He would end with another set of cautions.

The spiritual life being twofold in respect of our twofold capacity to act and to bear, the threefold *gradation* of the whole has its first two stages taken up with action, and the third with contemplation; but all governed by active love.

This love, which is the motive power of all our life, is not a mere affectionate or emotional sentiment, but a practical and obedient principle, drawing the heart off from self and self-will, and subjecting it to God and to His Will alone.

If you have a servant who sits at home in idleness, admiring your establishment and praising your liberality, but doing nothing to serve you, you are not satis-

fied with him; so God will not recognise you as His, if you do not *labour* for Him by the obedient observance of His Will. Therefore all aspirations towards God must be founded on this sort of obedient love, or they are nothing.

Again, though this distinction of degrees is conducive to clearness, setting forth the three offices and exercises of Purity and Light and Love, in preparing our souls for their final destiny, answering indeed to St. Paul's triplet[1]—the 'good,' the 'acceptable,' the 'perfect' Will of God—yet it is not to be so taken as if the function of the first degree does not apply to the second and third; that of the second to the third and first; and that of the third to the first and second. Indeed, all three functions must be present in each degree; and in proportion to the height of each degree will be the excellence of each function.

In this continual intercommunication of acts of devotion, it will result, not only that the sorrows and sufferings of a penitent soul will become sweeter by love, and that love will become warmer and safer by sorrows and sufferings; but that beginners will daily aspire to higher exercises; and that proficients—yea, and those who have attained the highest reaches—will preserve in their memories those early foundations of suffering, and those sifting tests of patience, by which alone all sanctity may finally be secured.

[1] Romans xii. 2.

The subjoined tables will perhaps serve to exhibit succinctly the theory of the 'Stages' in the Spiritual Life.

A.

I.

The Beginning or Start	As in the slave	purifying by strength of Grace	cleansing from sin.	Appropriate to God the Father as God of Power and dealing specially with Man.
	As in the infant		purging the senses.	

II

The Progress or Advance	As in the servant	enlightening by light of Truth	illuminating the soul.	Appropriate to God the Son as the Wisdom of the Father and dealing specially with God.
	As in the youth		brightening the reason.	

III.

The Finish or End	As in the son	perfecting by fervency of Love	transforming the life.	Appropriate to God the Holy Ghost as the Bond of Love and dealing specially with God and Man in One.
	As in the man		uniting the spirit.	

B.

I.

Purity receiving	Light and Love,	and giving back	Love, Light, Purity.

II.

Light receiving	Purity and Love,	and giving back	Love, Purity, Light.

III.

Love receiving	Purity and Light,	and giving back	Light, Purity, Love.

CŒLESTIA.

'Pondus meum Amor est meus,
Illo feror quocumque feror.'

St. Augustine, *Lib. Confess.* xiii. 9.

Ærrata

Page 86, stanza 3, line 1, *for* whirlling *read* whirling
,, 145, ,, 5, ,, 3, *insert* or *before* pain

NOTICE TO THE READER.

To those who are disposed to use this book for meditation it is suggested:

(1) To take their 'point,' or 'points,' from the portion of the Latin text, opposite each stanza of the Ode, after carefully considering it as an *intellectual* exercise.

(2) To use the corresponding stanza of the Ode afterwards, only as *a* possible interpretation, or expansion, of the text, which may assist the *memory* and the *imagination*.

Whatever resolution and prayer may then be formed and offered will, of course, exercise the *will*.

Thus, all the faculties, necessary to a meditation, will be employed.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

PRÆFATIO.

Ratio hujus operis.

[Quoniam in medio laqueorum positi sumus, a cœlesti desiderio frigescimus. Quapropter assiduo indigemus monimento, ut expergefacti ad Deum nostrum verum et Summum Bonum, cum defluimus, recurramus.

Idcirco non præsumptionis temeritate, sed magis Dei mei dilectione, huic opusculo ad laudem Ejus operam dedi,

ut ex elegantioribus dictis Sanctorum Patrum breve et manuale verbum de Deo meo mecum semper haberem, ex cujus lectionis igne, quoties tepesco, in Ejus accendar amorem.[1]]

PREFATORY ODE.

'*My lips shall speak of Thy praise when Thou hast taught me Thy statutes.*'—Ps. cxix. 171.

Set in the midst of snares, the pure desire
  Of heavenly things too soon grows cold and dim,
And sorely needs to have its dying fire
  Astirred, that so anew drawn up to Him,
And rescued from decay, it may pursue,
In God our Life, 'The Highest Good and True.'

So, all presuming rashness quelled and love
  Alone—deep love of God—impelling me,
This little work, by which I fain would move
  My earthbound soul to loftier charity,
I dedicate to Him; and to His praise
My voice, in wisdom of the ancients, raise.

With words of holy Fathers I would weave
  A *vade mecum* for my hand and heart
To hold, that they may both the more receive
  Of God; nor only gain but love impart
Rekindled, as the chilled affections need,
And zeal to eyes that these may keener read.

[3] Nunc adesto mihi, Deus meus, quem quæro, quem diligo, quem corde et ore confiteor et, qua valeo virtute, laudo atque adoro.

Be with me now, O Lord for Whom I seek,
And Whom I love with heart and soul and mind,
Who art the Strength of failing men and weak,
Tempering to shorn lambs the bitter wind,[3]
Whom I confess my God and persevere the more
To praise and honour worship and adore.

Mens mea devota tibi, Tuo amore succensa, Tibi suspirans, Tibi inhians, Te solum videre desiderans, nihil habet dulce[4] nisi de Te loqui, de Te audire, de Te scribere,

My mind, to Thee devoted, and inflamed
With love of Thee, to Thee alone aspires ;
Thee only longs to see, and will have nothing named
As sweet, but that which charmèd tongue desires
To tell of Thee ; will nothing hear but words
Of Thee, or write but what Thy fame records ;

de Te conferre, Tuam gloriam frequenter sub corde revolvere, ut Tua suavis memoria sit inter hos turbines aliqua repausatio mea.

Will have no conference, but only there
Where Thou art present at the interview ;
Thy Honour only will my conscience bear
And oft revolve, as memory anew
Recalls Thy Sweetness, and these surging throes
Of passion yield to Thy benign Repose.

Te ergo invoco, Desideratissime, ad Te clamo clamore magno in toto corde meo ;[5] et cum Te invoco, utique Te in me ipso invoco ; quoniam omnino non essem, nisi Tu esses in me, et nisi ego essem in Te, non esses in me.

Therefore to Thee, O Most Desirèd One,
I pray and from this swelling bosom cry.
Seeking and winning Thee, both sought and won
I am myself ; for how to live or die
I know not, save as Thou art found in me ;
And, save I am in Thee, this cannot ever be.

In me es, quoniam in memoria mea manes; ex ea cognovi Te, et in ea invenio Te, cum reminiscor Tui, et delector in Te de Te, ex Quo omnia, per Quem omnia, et in Quo omnia.

Thou art in *me*, whenever Memory clear
Holds Thee belov'd, and Thou art pleased to stay;
For she hath made me know Thy Presence dear,
And taught me how to find Thee when I stray,
And brings me joy responsive to Thy call,
Of Whom, through Whom, in Whom, are centred all.

NOTES.

[1] The whole of the introductory passage within brackets is an extract from the end of the book called *Speculum*, and will be found entire in the Appendix to vol. vi. of the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine. The *Speculum* is itself supposed to be a portion of that *Confessio Fidei* which Mabillon has carefully vindicated as a genuine work of Alcuin, bearing undoubted marks of the time of Charlemagne. It seems to be a collection of pious thoughts gathered out of his other books, and from the writings of St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Isidore.

[2] The *Benedictine* edition introduces this passage with '*Invocatio Dei*' in the margin.

[3] Cf. Isaiah xxxii. 2; 2 Cor. xii. 10.

[4] A similar passage is in cap. xxii. of the *Liber Meditationum* of which Mabillon considers Joannes Fiscamnensis, abbot of Fécamp, A.D. 1078, when St. Anselm was abbot of Bec, the probable author. See *infra*, cap. iii. p. 14, note[2].

[5] Cf. *Confessions* of St. Augustine, lib. i. 2.

THE BEING OF GOD.

ODE I.

CAPUT I.

Dei Perfunctiones.[1]

'Lord, Thou art God Which hast made heaven and earth and the sea and all that in them is.'—Acts iv. 24

Tu Domine Cœlum et Terram imples, omnia portans sine onere, omnia implens sine inclusione.[2]

Thou gracious Lord Who fillest earth and sky
Containing all, containèd art by none,
Without a burden bearing all on High,
O Glorious Mighty One!

Semper agens, semper quietus; colligens et non egens; quærens cum nihil desit Tibi;

Creator, ever busy, ever still,
Though never needing, ever gathering in,
With all creation present to Thy Will,
Seeking the lost in sin.

Amans nec æstuans; zelans et securus es; pœnitet Te, et non doles; irasceris et tranquillus es;

Unswayed by passion—jealous though secure,
Repenting oft, Thy Love knows no regret;
Thy Wrath, which but a moment doth endure,
In calmest Wisdom set.

Opera mutas, sed non mutas consilium; recipis quod invenis et nunquam amisisti; et gaudes lucris.

Through change of work unchanging Thy design;
The found among the never lost remain
Before Thine eyes, Who lovèst to combine
No need with thirst for gain.

Nunquam avarus; et usuras exigis.

The lust of avarice which *men* betray
Is far from Thee. Yet seekest Thou Thine Own
'With usury.' For 'much' 'the more' we pay
Before Thine awful Throne.

Supererogas cui non debes, vel semper supererogatur Tibi, ut debeas;

But O! what tongue can tell the wonder—how
On us Thy Gifts of Love Thou dost bestow,
While owing none, or gifts accept that Thou
May'st seem Thy Gifts to owe.

Et quis habet quidquam non Tuum? Reddis debitum nulli debens; donas debita nihil perdens: Qui ubique es et ubique Totus;

In ours, what have we but of Thine a share?
Who, owing nothing, givèst what is meet,
Remitting without loss, O Present everywhere,
And everywhere Complete.

Qui sentiri potes et videri non potes; qui nusquam dees, et tamen ab iniquorum cogitationibus longe es;

Invisible, who has not felt Thee nigh,
Filling all space, yet standing off afar
From thoughts of wicked men—while closer by
Than their own shadows are?

Quia ubi non es per gratiam, ades per vindictam.

For never nearer is Thy Presence dread
Than when, in vengeance and with clouded Face,
Thou standest there whence, long ago, have fled
The tokens of Thy Grace.

Qui ubique Præsens es, et vix inveniri potes; quem stantem sequimur et apprehendere non valemus.

So, Present always, always hard to find,
All close at hand Whom we afar pursue,
To hold Thee is not given to any mind,
To reach Thee to 'the few.'[1]

Qui tenes omnia, imples omnia, circumplecteris omnia, super excedis omnia, sustines omnia;

O Thou Who holdest all, and fillest all,
And circlest all things in Thy vast Embrace,
Greater than all, Thou safely keepest all,
All in their destined place.

Qui corda fidelium doces sine strepitu verborum. Qui locis non distenderis, nec temporibus variaris, nec habes accessus et recessus.[4]

No din of words Thy silent Love employs,
Training the faithful heart Thy Truth to know;
No change of time or place Thy Love alloys
Which hath nor ebb nor flow.[4]

Qui habitas lucem inaccessibilem,[5] quam nullus hominum vidit nec videre potest. In Te manens quietus, ubique circumis totum.

Dwelling on High in trackless Realms of Light
Which mortal eye hath neither seen nor can,[5]
In breathless Calm and Rest, 'tis Thy delight
The universe to span.

Non enim scindi et dividi potes, quia vere unus es: nec in partes efficeris, sed totus totum tenes, et totum imples, totum illustras et possides.

O vast unbroken Unity Divine
Compact and Whole! No parts dissever Thee,
The beauteous Seamless Robe is wholly Thine
Throughout Eternity!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition (Paris, 1843) has for a title *De mirabili essentia Dei.*

[2] The whole of the opening passage is an extract from chapter iv. of the *Speculum*, and much of it may be found word for word in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, lib. i. c. 4.

[3] Cf. Luke xiii. 21–30. [4] Cf. Wisdom viii. 1. [5] 1 Tim. vi. 16.

THE INEFFABLE GOD.

ODE II.

CAPUT II.

De indicibili scientia Dei.[1]

'*Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as Heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than Hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.*'—Job xi. 7, 8, 9.

Si totum mundum libri repleant, Tua Scientia inenarrabilis non potest enarrari: quoniam vero indicibilis es, nullo modo scribi poteris nec concludi. Tu es Fons Lucis Divinæ et Sol claritatis æternæ.

If all the world with books should teem
Tracing Thy Wisdom, Lord,
'Twere vain to measure Thee—or deem
That words could paint that golden Stream
Of Light from Thee—the Eternal Beam
No limner can record.

Magnus es sine quantitate, et ideo Immensus; Bonus sine qualitate, et ideo vere et summe Bonus, et nemo bonus nisi Tu Solus.

Great without measure—Infinite!
Beyond the grasp of man,
Thou only Good—above the height
Of goodness known to mortal sight,
So High, no power on earth of light
Thy Goodness dares to scan.

[2] Cujus Voluntas opus est; Cujus Velle posse est; qui omnia quæ ex nihilo creasti, sola voluntate fecisti.

Thy Will alone, from nothing, made
The worlds and all therein,
That Will Which, done as soon as said,
Is Power and Work—and has conveyed
To man the Love on Which is stayed
His Antidote to sin.

Qui omnem Creaturam Tuam absque indigentia aliqua possides, et sine labore gubernas, et absque tædio regis; et nihil est quod conturbet ordinem imperii Tui, vel in summis, vel in imis.

In need of none—Thou ownest all
The things Thy Hand has made:
No toils of state nor cares enthrall
Thy Royal Will; the Angels fall
Prostrate, in love, beneath Thy call;
The Devils are afraid.

Qui in omnibus locis sine loco haberis, et omnia contines sine ambitu, et ubique Præsens es sine situ et motu;

Unbound by place—in every place
Thy Omnipresence stands;
All motionless yet filling space,
Unfettered as Thy Law of Grace,
Containing all, without embrace,
In Thy Almighty Hands.

Qui nec mali Auctor es, quod facere non potes, Qui nihil non potes, nec unquam quidquam Te fecisse pœnituit;

All things Thou canst, yet canst not *one*—
The Source of Evil be;
Through all Thy works Thy Mercies run,
So that, of all, there can be none
Which it has grieved Thee to have done,
In Heaven or earth or sea!

Cujus Bonitate facti sumus, et Justitia pœnas luimus, et Clementia liberamur; Cujus omnipotentia[3] omnia gubernat, regit et implet quæ creavit.

For life we owe Thy tender Love;
Thy Justice makes us die;
Thy Mercy frees us; while Above,
Where Blessèd Souls still upward move,[4]
Who to the end enduring prove,
We soar beyond the sky.

[5] Nec ideo Te implere omnia dicimus, ut Te contineant; sed ipsa potius a Te contineantur; nec particulatim imples omnia, nec ullatenus ita putandum est, ut unaquæque res pro magnitudine suæ portionis capiat Te:

Not so are all things filled by Thee,
As if, in them contained
Thou, Maker of the world, could'st be;
They rather are contained by Thee,
As, by no laws of quantity
Or size, can be explained.

id est maxima majus, minima minus; cum sis potius Ipse in omnibus et omnia in Te, Cujus omnipotentia omnia concludit, nec evadendi Potentiam Tuam quis aditum invenire poterit; qui enim Te non habet placatum nequaquam evadet iratum.

Thy creatures, Lord, are filled with Thee—
The greatest and the least,
Encircled by that Majesty,
In Peace or Wrath, Which all must see,
Away from Which not one may flee,
Nor spirit, man, nor beast.

NOTES.

[1] The chapter is headed thus in the *Méguignon* edition, but no title is given in the *Benedictine* edition. The chapter opens with the latter half of the *Speculum*, c. vii., and continues to quote from c. viii. Cf. *Confessions* of St. Augustine, lib. xii. c. 11.

[2] *Speculum*, c. viii. [3] *Speculum*, c. xxi. [4] Cf. Proverbs iv. 18.

[5] This passage, found in the *Speculum*, cc. xxi. and xxii., is probably taken, originally, from the treatise of Alcuin *de fide Sanctæ Trinitatis*, c. iv., and from the *Sententiæ* of Isidore, lib. i. c. 2.

THIRST FOR GOD.

ODE III.

CAPUT III.

Desiderium Dei.[1]

'My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God; when shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?'
Ps. xlii. 2.

[2] Te igitur, Clementissime Deus, invoco in animam meam, quam præparas ad capiendum Te ex desiderio quod inspirat ei.

With pure desire implanted there by Thee
Within my Soul Thy Welcome have I stored;
In Mercy come, and now inhabit me
Unworthy, yet Thy Temple,[3] Gracious Lord!

Intra, rogo, in eam, et coapta eam Tibi, ut possideas illam, quam fecisti et refecisti; ut habeam Te velut Signaculum super cor meum.

Enter, I pray, and mould me to Thy Will,
Whom Thou hast formed, and, loving, formed again;
So shall Thy Seal, to death and onward still,
Upon my Heart eternally remain.

Quæso, Piissime, invocantem Te ne deseras; Qui prius quam Te invocarem me vocasti et quæsisti,

Desert me not, O Lord, while thus I call,
Inspirèd by a Voice, Which first was Thine
Pleading against my choice of worldly thrall,
Long long before it was, in earnest, mine.

Ut ego servus Tuus Te quærerem, quærendo invenirem, et Inventum amarem.

O! how Thou sought'st me for Thy very Own,
That I might also seek—and, seeking, find!
Whom, safely found, to love and love alone
Might be the sweetest effort of my mind!

Quæsivi, et inveni Te, Domine, et amare desidero. Auge desiderium meum, et da quod peto.

And I have sought, and I have found Thee nigh,
Whom now I long with fervency to love ;
Increase that longing, hear that earnest cry,
And grant me all Thy Sweetness, Lord, to prove.

Quoniam si cuncta quæ fecisti mihi dederis, non sufficit servo Tuo nisi Te Ipsum dederis.

If Thou, Who all created things hast made,
Should'st all Creation freely give to me,
Unless upon Thy Presence it were stayed,
The universe to me would nothing be.

[4] Da ergo Te Ipsum mihi, Deus Meus, redde Te mihi. En amo Te, et si parum est, amem validius. [5] Tuo ergo amore teneor, tuo desiderio flagro, Tua dulci memoria delector.

Give give Thyself, My God ! Be Thou *in* me
A stronger, deeper, warmer, purer Love !
So shall I muse, in sweetest memory,
Of Thy light yoke,[6] and yearn for Thee Above.

Ecce dum Tibi mens mea suspirat, et Tuam ineffabilem Pietatem meditatur ; ipsa carnis sarcina minus gravat, cogitationum tumultus cessat, pondus mortalitatis et miseriarum more solito non hebetat ;

Lo ! while to Thee my soul refreshed aspires,
And all her thoughts are with Thy Goodness filled,
This load of flesh grows lighter—and the fires
Of lust are cooled, the winds of passion stilled.

Silent cuncta ; tranquilla [7] [non] sunt omnia ; cor ardet, animus gaudet, memoria viget,

O Blessed Calm ! to rest awhile from sin,
Only the quickening powers of Grace to know,
The loving heart—the spirit glad within,
And memory with new and vigorous glow,

intellectus lucet, et totus spiritus ex desiderio Visionis Tuæ accensus invisibilium amore rapi se videt.

And intellect with clear enravished sight,
Enkindling all the deeper inner man,
Revealing Visions, of unclouded Light
In hidden Lands, no darkened eye may scan !

[8] Assumat spiritus meus pennas ut aquilæ; volet et non deficiat; volet et perveniat usque ad Decorem Domus Tuæ et Thronum [9] Gloriæ Tuæ:

Would that, on eagle's wings, my heart aloft
Might soar and, soaring, never drop her flight,
Till, by 'The Throne,' [9] 'mid pastures green and soft,
Where feed Thy Chosen Ones both Day and Night,

ut Ibi, super Mensam Refectionis Civium Supernorum pascatur de Occultis Tuis, in loco pascuæ juxta fluenta plenissima.

She Rest might find, and on Thy Hidden Life,
Whence streams of Living Water overflow,
Be fed! O Birth of Peace! O death of strife!
Which Heavenly Zion's Children only know.

Tu esto Exsultatio nostra, Qui es Spes nostra, Salus atque Redemptio: Tu esto nostrum Gaudium, Qui es futurus Præmium. Te semper quærat anima mea; et Tu præsta, ut quærendo non deficiat.

My God! what Love to save us and redeem!
Thou art our Hope. Be also now our Joy.
Thou shalt be our Reward. [10] O! may this Theme
In search which faileth not, my soul employ!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De desiderio animæ sentientis Deum.*

[2] This chapter opens with a passage taken from the unpublished manuscript known as the *Codex Mettensis* of the *Orationes* ascribed to St. Anselm; it is preserved in the abbey of St. Arnulph at Metz, and written out, if indeed it was not composed, by Joannes Fiscamnensis. The *oratio* here quoted is entitled '*Oratio decora compilata per contemplationem, vel Meditatio Theorica.*' See Mabillon, *Analect. Vet.* vol. i. p. 161.

[3] Cf. 1 Cor. iii. 17; 2 Cor. vi. 16.

[4] *Verbatim* from St. Augustine's *Confessions*, lib. xiii. c. 8, § 2.

[5] The *Méguignon* edition has the personal pronoun *Tui.*

[6] Cf. Lamentations iii. 27; St. Matt. xi. 29, 30.

[7] The *non* is inserted in the *Méguignon* edition. I have retained it as preserving the *antithesis* between the dull silence of subdued natural passion and the *activity* of supernatural grace.

[8] From the *Liber Meditationum.* See *supra*, Præf. note [4], p. 5.

[9] Cf. Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

[10] Cf. Genesis xv. 1.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

ODE IV.

'He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is Love'
1 John iv. 8.

Who neither loves, nor seeks for Jesu's Love,
His soul a barren desert will remain,
And life will prove
To him, whate'er its joys, but life in vain.

To live for Thee, O Lord, alone is Life;
To live without Thee were, at once, to die;
'Twere but the strife
Of aimless folly swiftly passing by.

Most Merciful! To Thee I give anew
The life and reason which to Thee I owe;
That Thou art True,
And wilt that life restore, by faith I know.

Believing, I will love Thee and adore,
With Whom I hope for ever to remain,
Or, could I more,
In endless Rest and Blessedness to reign.

CAPUT IV.

De miseria animæ quæ Christum non amat.[1]

Væ miseræ animæ quæ Christum non quærit nec amat! arida manet et misera. [2][Perdit quod vivit qui Te Deum non diligit.

Qui curat vivere non propter Te, Domine, nihil est et pro nihilo est. Qui Tibi vivere recusat mortuus est: qui Tibi non sapit desipit.

Misericordissime, Tibi me commendo, reddo et concedo, per Quem sum, vivo et sapio. In Te confido, spero, et totam spem meam pono, per Quem resurgam, vivam et requiescam.

Te cupio, diligo, et adoro, cum Quo manebo, regnabo et beatus ero.]

Anima quæ Te non quærit, nec diligit; mundum diligit, peccatis servit, et vitiis subjecta est; nunquam quieta, nunquam secura est.

What soul, unloving, seeks not after Thee,
The slave of sin and earthly love impure,
His meed shall be
The galling chain which guilty men endure.

Famuletur Tibi semper mens mea, Piissime; suspiret Tibi semper peregrinatio mea, ardeat in amore Tuo[4] cor meum,

O may this bondage never, Lord, be mine;
But let my pilgrimage securely end,
Along the line
Of aspirations pure which Heavenward tend.

Requiescat in Te, Deus Meus, anima mea: contempletur Te in mentis excessu: cantet laudes Tuas in jubilatione: et hæc sit in hoc exilio meo consolatio mea.

My soul, in this her exile, longs for Rest;
Be that to her, O Lord, for which she longs,
Sweetly expressed
In lofty thoughts of Thee, or grateful songs.

[5] Confugiat mens mea sub umbra Alarum Tuarum, ab æstibus[6] cogitationum sæculi hujus. Repauset in Te cor meum, cor mare magnum tumens fluctibus.

Against the surging waves of worldly care,
Grant her the shelter of Thy Guardian Wing:
So may she dare,
Secure of peace, her griefs to Thee to bring.

O Dives, omnium bonorum[7] et Dapum Supernæ Satietatis Opulentissime Largitor Deus,

O Richest Master of the noblest Feast,
And Bountiful Dispenser unto all,
Even the least,
On whom the mercies of Thy Goodness fall!

da lasso cibum, collige dispersum, libera captivum, et redintegra scissum:

Do Thou to weary souls sweet Food afford,
Bring back the scattered to the path of Right;
O Loving Lord,
The captive free, the broken reunite.

En stat ad ostium et pulsat: obsecro per viscera misericordiæ Tuæ, quibus visitasti nos Oriens ex alto,

Lo! at the door a wretched wanderer stands
And knocks; Thou glorious Day-Spring from on
High,
Brightening the lands
Of death and gloom, in mercy hear his cry;

Jube pulsanti misero aperiri; ut liberis gressibus ingrediatur ad Te, et requiescat in Te et reficiatur de Te pane cœlesti.

Open and let the craving suppliant in,
That, freely, he may find his way to Thee,
And Refuge win
And Rest, and be revived eternally.

Tu enim es Panis et Fons Vitæ, Tu Lumen claritatis æternæ, Tu omnia ex quibus vivunt recti qui diligunt Te.

For Thou of Life art Spring and daily Bread,
Of Light Eternal the Eternal Fount,
By Whom are led
The Righteous men who climb the Heavenly
Mount.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De miseria animæ quæ Dominum Nostrum Jesum Christum non amat nec quærit.*

[2] The passage within brackets is taken almost *verbatim* from St. Bernard's *Sermo* xx. on the *Song of Songs*, entitled *De triplici modo dilectionis qua Deum diligimus*, probably of later date than *Oratio* xiv. of St. Anselm, in which it does not appear. From this the *Benedictine* editors infer that *Oratio* xiv. is probably spurious.

[3] Cf. 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

[4] *Tui* in the *Méguignon* edition.

[5] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxvii. § 5.

[6] The *Méguignon* edition has *ædibus*.

[7] The *Méguignon* edition has *bonarum Dapum*. The whole of this passage is much fuller in the *Codex Mettensis; e.g.* after *fluctibus* it adds *superbiæ*, and goes on:

Quia (*Qui*) *imperasti ventis et mari, impera ei, ut tranquilla fiant omnia interiora mea, quatenus dulce gaudium quod esurio et sitio, contempler Te sine interioris hominis strepitu, sine caussarum mundanarum tumultu. Ecce animus meus, animus amicus meus fatigatus veniens de via cogitationum, et ab ipsis, quas transierat, vanitatibus per multa divisus, periculosam esuriem patitur: non habeo quod ponam ante illum, pauper sum et egenus.* Then follows *O Dives omnium*, as in the text. The *Benedictine* editors argue that this is evidence that the *Manuale* is rather taken from the *Codex Mettensis* than the converse.

LONGING AFTER LIGHT.

CAPUT V.

Oratio invitantis in se Deum.[1]

Deus Lumen cordium Te videntium, et Vita animarum Te amantium, et Virtus[2] cogitationum Te quærentium,

fac[3] ut sancto Tui amori inhæream.[4] Veni, rogo, in cor meum, et ab ubertate Voluptatis Tuæ inebria illud : ut obliviscar ista temporalia.

Pudet ac piget me talia pati, qualia mundus iste agit. Triste est mihi quod video, grave est omne quod de transitoriis audio.

Adjuva me, Domine Deus meus, et da Lætitiam in corde meo : veni ad me, ut videam Te.

ODE V.

'My Heart hath talked of Thee ; seek ye My Face ; Thy Face, Lord, will I seek.'—Ps. xxvii. 9.

Thou art the Light of Hearts that see,
The Life of souls that love Thee well,
The Power of inward colloquy,
O God Ineffable !

Grant me for evermore to rest
In simple love of Thee and Thine,
Make earthly charms to lose their zest
In floods of Bliss Divine.

The shadows which the world pursues
To me are bitter grief or shame,
Cheerless its show of brightest hues,
And weariness its fame.

Help me, O Lord, to string my heart
With chords of pure abiding Joy ;
Such Visions of Thyself impart
As Angel-Hosts employ.

[5]Sed angusta est mihi domus animæ meæ, [6] quo venias ad eam, et dilatetur a Te:

This dwelling of my soul is poor
And mean and narrow, Lord, for Thee,
Till, through Thy Love enlarged the more,
Thou findest entrance free.

Ruinosa est, refice eam. Habet plurima quæ offendunt Oculos Tuos, fateor et scio.

Fill fill it first and then repair
The ruins of its shattered walls;
What heaps of guilt collected there
Telling a thousand falls!

Sed quis mundabit eam? aut cui alteri præter Te clamabo?

No Hand, O Blessed Lord, but Thine
Can move this drift of many years,
Or wash this soilèd heart of mine
In penitential tears.

Ab occultis meis munda me Domine, et ab alienis parce servo Tuo.[7]

From sins—mine own—in secret done,
Still to Thy Searching Eye laid bare,
From others' sins, unknown and known,
Cleanse me, O Lord, and spare.

Fac me,[8] Dulcis Christe, Bone Jesu, fac me, rogo, amore et desiderio Tui deponere onus carnalium desideriorum et terrenarum concupiscentiarum.

Teach me this weight of carnal lust
To cast away, for love of Thee—
This appetite for earthly dust,
Craving so eagerly.

Dominetur carni anima, animæ ratio, rationi Gratia Tua; et Tuæ me interius et exterius subde Voluntati.

Over this flesh my spirit place;
My spirit bend to reason's sway;
Subdue my reason to Thy Grace;
Thy Will let all obey.

Tribue mihi, ut laudet Te cor meum, et lingua mea et omnia ossa mea.[9] Dilata mentem meam,

So, train my tongue to give Thee praise—
My heart—yea even 'all my bones,'
Enlarge my mind to know Thy Ways
With all Thine 'upright ones.'[10]

et adtolle intuitum cordis mei, ut vel rapida cogitatione Spiritus meus attingat Te Æternam Sapientiam super omnia manentem.

Grant me to catch, if but in thought,
A gleam of Thy Eternal Mind,
Of wonders by Thy Wisdom wrought
With Power and Love combined.

Dissolve me, oro, a vinculis quibus constrictus teneor: ut relinquens omnia ista, Tibi festinem, Tibi soli inhæream, Tibi soli intendam.

Release me from my drag and chain,
And make my loving service free,
That no affection may remain
But one—and that for Thee!

NOTES.

[1] The title in the *Méguignon* edition is *De desiderio Animæ.*

[2] In the *Oratio* of the *Codex Mettensis*, after *virtus*, is inserted *maritans mentem sinumque.*

[3] *Da* in the *Méguignon* edition.

[4] *Inhæreant* in the *Oratio* of the Cod. Mett., *fac* being omitted.

[5] This opens a long quotation from St. Augustine, *Confessions*, lib. i. c. 5, § 2.

[6] *Quousque* in the *Méguignon* edition.

[7] From the Vulgate translation of Psalm xviii. (xix.) 13.

[8] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxiv. § 5.

[9] Cf. Psalms xxv. 3, xxxv. 10.

[10] Cf. Daniel xi. 17.

RELEASE FROM THE FLESH.

ODE VI.

CAPUT VI.

[1] *Quam felices Sancti hinc migrantes.*

'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'—Rev. xxi. 4.

Felix anima,[2] quæ terreno resoluta carcere, libera, cœlum petit; quæ Te Dulcissimum Dominum facie ad Faciem cernit; quæ nullo metu mortis afficitur, sed de incorruptione perpetuæ Gloriæ lætatur! Tranquilla est et, secura, non timet hostem neque mortem.

Thy prison burst, O happy soul and free,
Bright Heaven is for thee.
Beholding now thy Saviour face to Face,
No saddening trace
Of death upon thy brow—thy endless Joy
Is pure without alloy;
Safe on the Shore—where ages calmly flow,
No fear hast Thou nor foe.

Habet jam Te Pium Dominum Quem diu quæsivit, semperque amavit. Hymnidicis sociata choris, melliflua perpetuæ festivitatis carmina ad laudem Gloriæ Tuæ, Rex Christe, Bone Jesu, in æternum concinit. Inebriatur[3] enim ab ubertate Domus[4] Tuæ et torrente Voluptatis Tuæ potas eam.

Whom thou hast sought so long, and long in love,
Now thou hast found Above;
And, joined with myriads who their voices raise
In Royal Jesu's praise,
Thou swellest out the choir of ceaseless song
Amid that glistening Throng;
While, as a torrent, streams of Pleasure foam
Within thy plenteous Home.[4]

That fellowship of Heaven-enfranchised Saints
No selfish envy taints,
Where grateful shouts of holy Joy resound [5]
Over the lost and found,
Over the wanderers whom Blest Angels see
Returning, Lord, to Thee,
Returning to their Love—O endless gain!
From sin and guilt and pain.

Felix Societas Supernorum Civium et gloriosa Solemnitas omnium ad Te redeuntium, ab hujus nostræ peregrinationis tristi labore,

The sweetest, fairest, noblest Form Divine,
O Glorious Lord, is Thine;
On such for ever gaze Thy Sons of Grace
Who gaze upon Thy Face.
Nor only Beauty, ravishing the eye,
Is shining ever nigh,
But sounds that fret or jar upon the ear
The Blessed never hear.

ad amœnitatem pulchritudinis, ad formositatem totius splendoris, atque dignitatem totius elegantiæ, ubi Te jugiter, Domine, tui Cives cernunt. Nihil omnino quod conturbet mentem, ibidem auribus audire datur.

What bursts of Song, what hymns of Praise and
Prayer,
Melodious fill the air,
Chanting the Glories of the Great Triune
In ceaseless perfect tune,
'Now is Salvation and The Kingdom come,' [6]
The Ransom and the Home!
When Angels sing Hosanna, Lord, to Thee,
What skill can greater be?

Quæ cantica! quæ organa! quæ cantilenæ! quæ melodiæ ibi sine fine decantantur! Sonant ibi semper mellifiua hymnorum organa, suavissima Angelorum melodia, cantica canticorum mira, quæ ad Laudem [7] et Gloriam Tuam a Supernis Civibus in perpetuum decantantur.

Amaritudo et omnis fellis asperitas in Regione Tua locum non habet. Non enim est ibi Malus neque malitia, non est Adversarius et impugnans, nec est ulla peccati illecebra; nulla est ibi indigentia, dedecus nullum,

In that Blest Land no bitterness prevails,
Love rules and never fails ; [8]
There is no Evil One—no malice sown,
No malice, therefore, known ;
No Enemy to raise the war within,
Or tempt to any sin ;
No stress of want—no tarnish of disgrace,
To mar that Perfect Place.

rixa nulla, nullum improperium, causatio nulla, nullus timor, nulla inquietudo, nulla pœna, nulla dubietas, nulla violentia, nulla discordia. Sed est ibi Pax Summa, Caritas Plena, Jubilatio et Laus Dei Æterna, secura sine fine Requies et Gaudium semper in Spiritu Sancto.

There is no quarrel there, or bitter suit
To follow, as the fruit ;
No anxious fears the quiet souls infest,
No harassing unrest ;
No punishment is there—no doubts perplex,
No storms of discord vex.
In perfect Rest and Peace, Joy, Love, and Praise,
Speed on the Endless Days.

[9] O quam fortunatus ero, si audivero jucundissimas Civium Tuorum cantilenas, carmina melliflua, laudes Summæ Trinitati debito honore promentia! Sed et nimium felix, si ego ipse meruero cantare canticum Domino Jesu Christo de dulcibus Canticis Sion.

O happy shall I be if, ever near
Those tuneful strains, I hear
Thy blessed Sons exultant praising Thee,
Thrice Holy Trinity !
But happier far, if I shall bear my part
With swelling voice and heart,
While Jesu's Praise the Ransomed Hosts prolong
In Sion's sweetest song.

NOTES.

[1] In the *Méguignon* ed. the title is *De felicitate animæ a terreno carcere resolutæ.*

[2] The opening is from the *Speculum*, cap. xxx., which in turn is taken from St. Gregory's *Homily* xxxvii. on the Gospels. Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxiii. 1.

[3] The *Méguignon* reading is *inebriata.*

[4] Cf. Psalm xxxvi. 8.

[5] Cf. *Lib. Meditationum*, xxv. 4; St. Luke xv. 10.

[6] Cf. Rev. xii. 10.

[7] The *Méguignon* reading is *salutem.*

[8] Cf. 1 Cor. xiii. 8–13.

[9] Cf. *Lib. Medd.* cap. xxv. 5.

LIFE IN ETERNITY.

CAPUT VII.

Vitæ Æternæ Bona.[1]

ODE VII.

'Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.'—St. Luke xx. 36.

O Vita Vitalis, Vita sempiterna, et sempiterne Beata! Ubi Gaudium sine mœrore, Requies sine labore, Dignitas sine tremore,

Life-giving Life of Joy and Gladness!
Flowering on in ceaseless bloom,
Where no blight of fear or sadness
On Thine Honour casts a gloom;

Opes sine amissione, sanitas sine languore, abundantia[2] sine defectione, vita sine morte, perpetuitas sine corruptione;

Where is Health unmarred by sickness,
Where the Treasure never fails,[2]
Where no more is death or weakness,
Time no more decay bewails;

Beatitudo sine calamitate; Ubi omnia bona in caritate perfecta; Ubi species et visio facie ad Faciem;

Where is Joy unyoked from sorrow;
Where is Love with ample store,
Where the 'glass,' which 'now'[3] we borrow
God to see, we need no more;

Ubi plena Scientia[3] in omnibus et per omnia; Ubi summa Dei Bonitas cernitur, et Lumen illuminans[4] a Sanctis glorificatur.

Where we know, as Jesus knows[3] us;
Where the Heights of Love we scan;
Where the Stream of Light o'erflows[4] us,
Flowing ere the worlds began;

Ubi Præsens Majestas Dei conspicitur, et Hoc Vitæ Cibo sine defectu mens intuentium satiatur. Vident semper, et videre desiderant;

Where is Bread of Life unfailing,
  Where we see Him and are fed,
See Him always All-availing,
  Still by thirst of seeing led,

sine anxietate desiderant, et sine fastidio satiantur.

Thirst, without the hopeless feeling
  Of a yearning craving need,
Slaked the more, the more revealing
  Joy from saturation freed;

Ubi verus Sol Justitiæ mira Suæ pulchritudinis Visione omnes reficit;

Where, with quickening Ray of Beauty,
  Shines our 'Righteousness' and 'Sun,'[5]
Brightening all whom Faith and Duty
  Have, with Him, made radiant One;

Et ita universos Cœlestis Patriæ cives illuminat, ut luceant ipsi;[6] Lumen videlicet illuminatum per Deum, Lumen illuminans ultra omnem solis nostri splendorem atque cunctarum stellarum claritatem,

Where His Light, in them reflected,[6]
  Makes a world of brilliant Light,
Makes His Church, in ONE collected,
  More than sun or planets bright;

Immortali adhærentes Deitati; ac per hoc immortales et incorruptibiles facti, juxta promissionem Domini Salvatoris.—

Where, in God Immortal grafted,
  Incorruption now they see,[7]
And the pledge, from Jewry wafted,
  Claim in Heaven, Lord, from Thee—

Pater,[8] *quos dedisti Mihi, volo ut ubi Ego sum, et illi sint Mecum: ut videant claritatem Meam;*

'Father! may whom Thou hast given[8]
  To My love, remain with Me!
This I will—may they in Heaven,
  Face to Face, My glory see,

ut omnes unum sint, sicut Tu, Pater, in Me, et Ego in Te, et ipsi in Nobis Unum sint.'

'That, as Thou in Me art dwelling
Evermore, as I in Thee,
So, in Us, may they be telling
All the Bliss of Unity!'

NOTES.

[1] The title in the *Méguignon* edition is *De Gaudio Paradisi.*

[2] Cf. St. Matt. vi. 20.

[3] Cf. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

[4] Cf. St. Matt. xiii. 43.

[5] Cf. St. Matt. xvii. 2.

[6] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxvii. 7. Also St. John viii. 12; Rev. xxi. 11, 3, xxii. 5.

[7] Cf. 1 Cor. xv. 54.

[8] St. John xvii. 20–24.

JOY AND MISERY.

CAPUT VIII.

Vitæ Æternæ Bona.[1]

ODE VIII.

'*I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.*'—Rom. viii. 18.

Regnum Cœlorum, Regnum felicissimum, Regnum carens morte, et vacans fine. Cui nulla tempora succedunt per ævum: Ubi continuus sine nocte Dies nescit habere tempus. Ubi Victor miles post laborem[4] donis ineffabilibus cumulatur, nobile perpetua caput amplectente corona.

Heavenly Kingdom drawing nigh,[2]
Brightest Goal to faithful eye,
Deathless Kingdom without end,
Where no wrecks of Time offend,
Where roll on the nightless Days,
  O'er the Victor-warrior's head
Crowned with never-fading bays,
  After suffering stablishèd ![3]

Utinam, remissa peccatorum mole, me ultimum servorum Christi juberet Divina Pietas hanc carnis sarcinam deponere, ut in Suæ Civitatis Gaudia Æterna repausaturus[5] transirem,

Loosened from this clog of sin,
Would that I might enter in,
Lowest servant of my LORD,
By the mercy of His Word !
Would that I might There repose,
  Rid of flesh and its alloy,
Where the Living River flows
  Through the fields of endless Joy !

[6] Sanctissimis Supernorum Choris interessem; cum Beatissimis Spiritibus gloriæ Conditoris assisterem, Præsentem Dei Vultum cernerem, nullo mortis metu tangerer, de perpetuæ Immortalitatis incorruptione securus gauderem, et Scienti omnia conjunctus omnem ignorantiæ cæcitatem amitterem,

Where the Blessed Spirits raise
To their Maker songs of praise,
Would that I His Face might see
Wrapt in Love and Majesty,
Fear of Death might feel no more,
  Darksome blindness cast away,
Read His all-informing Lore
  By the Light of endless Day!

Terrena cuncta parvipenderem, convallem lachrymarum istam intueri vel reminisci ulterius non dignarer;
[7] Ubi vita laboriosa, vita corruptibilis, vita omni amaritudine plena, vita domina malorum, ancilla [8] infernorum,

Would that fleeting earthly gain
Might be loss to me and vain!
Would those fitful hopes and fears—
Memories of a 'vale of tears'
Stained with many a blot and soil,
  Might my heart no more consume,
Steeping all this life in toil—
  Handmaid of an evil doom!

quam humores tumidant, dolores extenuant, ardores exsiccant, aera morbidant,

Life—where 'tides' of passion flow
High as 'spring,' and ebb as low,
With the sweet or with the sour
Of each fickle passing hour!
Where the burning fevers scorch,
  Where, full oft, the summer breeze
Fans the dread Avenger's torch
  Sowing sparks of fell disease;

escæ inflant, jejunia macerant, joci solvunt, tristitiæ consumunt, sollicitudo coarctat, securitas hebetat, divitiæ jactant, paupertas dejicit,

Where the meats and drinks inflate,
And the fastings macerate ;
Where the laughter leads astray,
And the weeping wastes away ;
Where the anxious find distress,
  And the bold indifference ;
Where the rich lose lowliness,
  And the poor their confidence.

juventus extollit, senectus incurvat, infirmitas frangit, mœror deprimit [[9] *diabolus* insidiatur, *mundus* adulatur, *caro* delectatur, anima excæcatur, totus homo conturbatur].

Where the young surmount their fears,
And the old succumb to years ;
Where their sickness breaks the weak,
And their grief dejects the sick ;
Where 'The Devil' lays his snare,
  And 'The World' her flattery plies ;
Where 'The Flesh' makes flesh its care,
  And mankind is reft of eyes.

Et his tot et tantis malis Mors furibunda succedit, vanisque gaudiis ita finem imponit, ut cum esse desierint, nec fuisse putentur.

Such the many ills that reign
Over mingled joy and pain,
Till the throes of Death succeed—
End of vanity indeed !
Empty joys of time are o'er,
  Empty though unstained by sin ;
Joys, alluring man no more,
  Are as if they had not been.

NOTES.

[1] This chapter continues the subject of the last, under the same title, but the *Méguignon* edition substitutes for it *De regno Cœlorum.*

[2] Cf. St. Luke xxi. 31. [3] Cf. 1 Peter v. 10.

[4] *Post laborem* is added from the *Méguignon* edition.

[5] The *Méguignon* version is *repausandus.*

[6] Cf. St. Gregory, *Hom. in Evang.* xxxvii.

[7] The *Benedictine* edition introduces this passage with a new title in the margin — *Vitæ præsentis miseriæ.* Cf. *Lib. Medd.* xxi. 1.

[8] The *Codex Mett.* of the *Oratio* has *regina superborum quam honores tumidant.*

[9] The passage within brackets is not to be found in the *Oratio.*

THE CONSOLATIONS OF GRACE.

ODE IX.

CAPUT IX.

In iis (i.e., *vitæ præsentis miseriis*) *solamen ex Deo non deest.*[1]

'*I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him.*'—Isa. lvii. 18, 19.

Sed quas Laudes quasve gratiarum Actiones Tibi referre valeamus, Deus Noster, Qui nos etiam has tantas mortalitatis nostræ ærumnas non desinis consolari mira visitatione Gratiæ Tuæ!

What Acts of Praise shall ever, Lord, avail
The wonders of that soothing Power to trace,
How—as these mortal cares we, sad, bewail,
Thou visitest, consoling, with Thy Grace!
For, often as my sorrows overflow,
So often, Lord, that Power I seem to know.

Ecce me miserum multis mœroribus plenum, dum vitæ meæ [finem][2] timeo, dum peccata mea considero, dum Judicium Tuum formido, dum mortis horam cogito, dum supplicia tartari horreo, dum opera mea qua districtione [et discussione][3] a Te pensentur, ignoro, dum quo fine illa clausurus sim[4] penitus nescio.

So is it now when, trembling and in fear,
I try to contemplate the closing scene
Of all my life—Thy awful Judgment near,
Searching with keenest Eye what I have been—
The pains of Hell, or the uncertain end
Of weighing all my actions 'that offend.'[4]

Dumque hæc et alia multa mecum sub corde retracto, consolaturus ades solida Pietate, Domine Deus, et inter has querelas nimiosque ploratus ac profunda cordis suspiria,

On these and kindred thoughts the while I pore
Within the deep recesses of my heart,
With all Thy sweet and never-failing Store
Of Consolation, Jesu, mine Thou art ;
Through all my whelming doubts complaints and fears,
My anxious sighs and unrestrainèd tears,

assumis mœstam et anxiam mentem super Alta Juga Montium ad Areolas usque Aromatum, et collocas me in Loco pascuæ, secus rivulos Dulcium Aquarum ;

My pining soul Thou bearest upward far
Beyond the happy Golden Mountain-heights,
Into the Regions of 'The Morning Star,'[5]
In Fragrance steeped and Heavenly Delights,
And There Thou feedest me on pastures sweet,
Where, 'by the Waters,'[6] all Thy Children meet ;

ubi præparas in conspectu meo Mensam multiplicis apparatus, quæ fatigatum spiritum repauset, et cor triste lætificet, quibus tandem refocillatus Deliciis, multarum miseriarum mearum oblitus, levatus super altitudinem terræ in Te vera Pace quiesco.

Where Thou preparest, in my ravished sight,
A Table[7] rich and bountifully spread,
Whereat my weary soul Thou dost invite
To rest, and with Thy gladdening Strength be fed.
Refreshed and lifted up, no more I see
The earthy steep. I rest in Peace—in Thee.[8]

NOTES.

[1] The title in the *Méguignon* edition is *Quomodo post nimios ploratus mœstam animam consolatur Deus.*

[2] *Finem* is omitted, evidently by a typographical error, in the *Benedictine* edition.

[3] I retain *et discussione*, which is added in the *Méguignon* edition.

[4] The *Codex Mett.* of the *Oratio* adds here *vitam*, reading *illam* a little before instead of *illa*. Cf. St. Matt. xiii. 41.

[5] Cf. Rev. ii. 28, xxii. 16.

[6] Cf. Ps. xxiii. 2.

[7] Cf. Ps. xxiii. 5 ; Prov. ix. 2 ; St. Luke xxii. 29, 30.

[8] Cf. St. John xiv. 27 ; Eph. ii. 14, 17. At this point we arrive at the end of *Oratio* xiv. attributed to St. Anselm, from which hitherto so much of the *Manuale* has been taken.

THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

CAPUT X.

[1] *Postulatio amoris Dei.*

Amo Te, Deus Meus, amo [Te],[2] et magis atque magis amare volo. Da mihi, Domine Jesu[3] Speciose præ filiis hominum, ut desiderem Te,

ut amem Te, quantum volo, quantum debeo. Immensus es, et sine mensura debes amari, præsertim a nobis quos sic amasti, sic salvasti, pro quibus tanta et talia fecisti.[5]

ODE X.

'*God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.*'—1 John iv. 16.

My God, I love Thee—love Thee well,
But, more and more, as by a spell
Of deeper love than I can tell,
I would be bound;
O Fairer than the sons of men,
Lord Jesu ! grant my prayer—that when
I seek 'the love that passeth ken,'[4]
It may be found.

To love Thee, as I would and ought
Whom with Thy Blood Thy Love has bought—
Grant me this blessing humbly sought
Yet earnestly ;
Whose love to Thee should know no end,
On whom such gifts Thou dost expend
As Life and all things comprehend
Eternally.

O Amor, Qui semper ardes et nunquam exstingueris, Dulcis Christe, Bone Jesu, Caritas, Deus Meus, accende totum Igne Tuo, amore Tuo,[7] Dulcedine Tua, dilectione Tua, desiderio Tuo, caritate Tua,

O burning never slacking Love !
Christ Jesu, gently from Above
Thyself a Fire consuming prove
Of Love in me ;
That, filled by Thee—the Light of Day,
The Life, the Truth, the sweetest Way,[6]
All love and longing may decay,
Except for Thee.

Jocunditate[8] et Exsultatione Tua, Pietate et Suavitate Tua, voluptate et concupiscentia Tui, quæ sancta est et bona, quæ casta est et munda ; ut totus dulcedine amoris Tui plenus, tota flamma Tuæ caritatis vaporatus,

With joy and gladness all divine,
Holy and chaste and pure as Thine,
Make every bent of will to shine
A Witness true,
Illumined by Thy loving Flame,
And consecrated to Thy Name,
Through love in storm and calm the same,
To bear and do.

diligam Te Dominum Meum Dulcissimum et Pulcherrimum ex toto corde meo, ex tota anima mea, ex totis viribus meis et ex omni intentione mea ;

So may I cling, with all my heart,
To Thee, Who only canst impart,
What is not in the power of art,
The strength to love ;
So too with all my might may pray[9]
To serve Thee better day by day,
And with my whole intention stay
On Things Above.

cum multa cordis contritione, et lachrymarum fonte, cum multa reverentia et tremore, habens Te in corde, et in ore, et præ oculis meis semper et ubique, ita ut nullus in me adulterinis amoribus pateat locus.

With floods of penitential tears,
With lowly reverence and fears,
As in His Sight Who sees and hears,
I pray Thee, Lord,
Be Thou so wholly formed in me,
Make lips and eyes so speak and see,
That my full heart for none but Thee
Shall room afford.

NOTES.

[1] In the *Méguignon* edition, *De dulcedine Divini Amoris.*
[2] This *Te* is omitted in the *Benedictine* edition and inserted after *amare.*
[3] For *Jesu* the *Méguignon* edition reads *Deus meus.*
[4] Cf. Ps. xiv. 3; Eph. iii. 19. [5] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxv. 4, 7, 9.
[6] Cf. St. John xiv. 6.
[7] The *Benedictine* edition reads *Tuo* or *Tua* wherever the *Méguignon* has *Tui.*
[8] The *Méguignon* edition reads *jucunditate.* [9] Cf. St. Mark xii. 30.

THE TEARS OF CONTRITION IN HOLY COMMUNION.

CAPUT XI.

Item (postulatio) gratiæ lachrymarum et opis Divinæ.[1]

Pulcherrime Jesu Christe! rogo Te per illam sacratissimam effusionem pretiosi Sanguinis Tui quo redempti sumus, da mihi cordis contritionem et lachrymarum fontem, præcipue dum preces et orationes Tibi offero, dum Tuæ Laudis Tibi psalmodiam decanto,

dum Mysterium nostræ Redemptionis, manifestum misericordiæ Tuæ Indicium,[2] recolo vel profero, dum Sacris Altaribus, licet indignus, assisto, cupiens offerre (Tibi)[3] illud Mirabile et Cœleste Sacrificium, omni reverentia et devotione dignum,

ODE XI.

'*With bitter herbs they shall eat it.*'—Ex. xii. 8.

By that most sacred Living Stream
  Of Precious Blood outpoured,
Whereby mankind Thou dost redeem,
  Christ Jesu, fairest Lord,
Grant me a broken contrite heart
Distilling tears from every part;
O grant it, most, while in Thy Courts I pray,
And with sweet litanies and psalms my homage pay.

Grant it while, set before Thy Face,
  Unworthy more than all,
Unfolding Thy Redeeming Grace,
  I Mercy's ACT recall,
And humbly at Thine Altar stand,
To offer there, by Thy command,
That Heavenly Sacrifice of mighty Power
Which, erst, prevented,[4] Lord, Thy cruel dying hour,—

quod Tu, Domine, Deus Meus, Sacerdos Immaculate, instituisti,[6] et offerri præcepisti, in commemorationem Tuæ Caritatis, Mortis scilicet et Passionis, pro salute nostra, pro quotidiana nostræ fragilitatis reparatione.

Which Thou, for ever spotless Priest,[5]
Didst, O my God, ordain
To be our daily Bread—the Feast
On wondrous Love and Pain,
That Love of human-kind to death,
That Pain desisting but with breath,
Bequeathed by Thee when, from the accursed Wood,
Thou gavest mortals Life and Life-sustaining Food.

Confirmetur[7] mens mea inter tanta Mystêria dulcedine Præsentiæ Tuæ, sentiat Te sibi adesse, et lætetur coram Te, Ignis Qui semper luces, Amor Qui semper ardes, Dulcis Christe, Bone Jesu, Lumen Æternum et Indeficiens, Panis Vitæ Qui nos reficis et in Te non deficis ; quotidie comederis et semper Integer manes.

Good Jesu ! fix and stay my soul
Amid such Lofty Things,
Sweetly her every thought control,
And fold her 'neath Thy Wings ;
Be near her with Thy Light of Fire
Kindling anew her pure desire,
For Thou—the Eternal Light, the unfailing Bread,
Art ever Whole though keeping millions daily fed.

Resplende mihi, accende me, illumina et sanctifica vas Tuum ;[8] de malitia evacua, imple de gratia, et plenum conserva, ut ad salutem animæ meæ manducem Cibum Carnis Tuæ, quatenus manducando Te, vivam de Te, vivam per Te, perveniam ad Te, et repausem in Te.

Gild me with pure and holy Light—
The vessel of Thy choice,
With Thine own Glory make me bright,
And cheer me by Thy Voice,[9]
Cast all the evil out ; the good
Fill up and keep ; that so my Food,
Thy Flesh, may to my life Refreshment be,
And Respite through, and to, and of, and in, but Thee.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De præparatione nostræ Redemptionis.*

[2] The *Méguignon* edition has *judicium* by an evident misprint.

[3] *Tibi* is added in the *Méguignon* edition.

[4] Cf. I Cor. xi. 23.

[5] Cf. Heb. vii. 21, 24, 28.

[6] Cf. St. Luke xxii. 19.

[7] The *Benedictine* edition introduces this passage with *inter sacra præsertim mysteria* in the margin.

[8] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxv. I.

[9] Cf. St. Matt. xiv. 27.

JOY IN THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

ODE XII.

CAPUT XII.

Cogitatum omnem[1] *in Christum intendere.*

'*Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God; for . . . the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil.*'—Joel ii. 23, 24.

O Dulcedo Amoris et Amor Dulcedinis! comedat Te venter meus et Nectare Tui Amoris repleantur viscera mea,

Sweetness of Love! O Love of Sweetness pure!
To feed on Thee
What joys allure,
How are they fillèd more than plenteously
Whose bowels for Thy Nectar yearn,
Straining Thy secret Bliss to learn!

et eructet mens mea Verbum bonum. Caritas Deus Meus, Mel Dulce, Lac Niveum, Cibus et Gaudium,[2] fac me crescere in Te,

My soul exhales the fragrance of Thy Word,
O Love Divine!
My God and Lord,
My Food, my Joy, do Thou my taste refine
O! Sweet as honey,[3] White as snow,
Pure in Thy Pureness make me grow.

ut sano palato possis manducari a me. Tu es Vita mea Quâ vivo, Spes Cui inhæreo, Gloria Quam adipisci desidero.

So may I eat Thy Flesh in Mystery
With cleansèd mouth,
Who art to me
My Life, from earliest dawn through all my youth
And age—the Hope to Whom I cling
That Thou wilt me to Glory bring!

Tu mihi cor tene, mentem rege, intellectum dirige, amorem erige, animum suspende, et in superna fluenta os sitientis [4] Te spiritus trahe.

Keep, Lord, my heart, and inly rule my soul;
My intellect
By grace control;
Inflame my love; my wayward will direct;
And, thirsting after Thee in need,
To Heavenly Streams my spirit lead.

Taceat, quæso, tumultus carnis. Conticescant phantasiæ terrarum et aquarum, et aeris et poli. Taceant somnia et imaginariæ revelationes, omnis lingua, omne signum, et quidquid transeundo fit.

Be still, my flesh, and calm thy fitful storms!
In earth and sea
All flitting forms,
Of air and sky all vain astrology,[5]
All dreams and visions of the night,
Language and signs in depth and height,

Sileat sibi et ipsa anima, et transeat se, non cogitando se, sed Te, Deus Meus: [6]

Be silent all! my soul be silent too!
And, hushed within,
Quickly undo
That careful web of *self* entwined with sin;
And holier memories weave anew
Of Life in God, 'The only True!' [7]

Quoniam Tu es re vera[8] tota Spes et Fiducia mea. Est enim in Te Deo meo et Domino nostro Jesu Christo Dulcissimo et Benignissimo atque Clementissimo uniuscujusque nostrum et Portio, et SANGUIS et CARO.

For Thou, my God, art all my Hope and Trust,
Most Sweet and Kind,
And Wise and Just,
In Thee, Christ Jesus, all Thy children find,
Each one his Portion meet of Food,
Thy Sacred BODY and Thy BLOOD.

Ubi ergo Portio mea regnat, regnare me credo.

This Portion, suffering once, art Thou
Upon Thy Cross,
But reigning now.
O ! Where my Portion reigns, it were but loss
To me, if I too did not reign,[8]
Yet forward press to Higher gain ![9]

Ubi Sanguis meus dominatur, dominari me confido. Ubi Caro mea glorificatur, gloriosum me esse cognosco.[10] Quamvis peccator sim, de hac tamen communione gratiæ non diffido.

Yea, Where my Blood is bearing Rule on High,
With Glory crowned
My flesh,—There I
Do rule, and near Thy Glorious Throne am found.
Sinful I may not enter There,
Nor yet of such high Grace despair.

Et si peccata mea prohibent, substantia mea requirit ; et si delicta propria me excludunt, naturæ communio non repellit.

Ah ! well might sin forbid that Bliss to me !
Yet, by Thy Grace
From sin made free,
New Manhood claims in Heaven the highest Place ;
No more is guilt an everlasting ban,
Thou hast our common Flesh of Man.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De Gaudio.*

[2] The *Méguignon* reading is adopted in the text. The *Benedictine* has *es grandium* for *et Gaudium*, and introduces *qui* before *mel.*

[3] Cf. Song of Songs iv. 11, and Ps. li. 7.

[4] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxvii. 1.

[5] Cf. Isaiah xlvii. 13.

[6] The *Codex Mett.* amplifies the passage, going on thus: *Tu Deus meus, Tu mihi loquere solus non per ea quæ fecisti, ut sine istis audiam Te*, etc.

[7] Cf. St. John xvii. 3.

[8] Here opens an almost *verbatim* quotation from the *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xv. 4.

[9] Cf. Philipp. iii. 7–15; Rom. v. 17; 2 Tim. ii. 12.

[10] In the margin of the *Benedictine* edition occurs the title *In Quo jam regnamus.* Cf. Col. ii. 9–15.

HOPE THROUGH THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

CAPUT XIII.

Cogitatum omnem in Christum intendere, in Quo jam regnamus.[1]

ODE XIII.

'*Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced: My flesh also shall rest in hope: for why? Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell; neither shalt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.*'—Ps. xvi. 10, 11.

Non enim tam immitis[2] est Dominus, ut [obliviscatur hominis et non meminerit ejus quem Ipse gestat,] ut non diligat Carnem Suam, Membra Sua et Viscera Sua.

Nor yet so full of wrath,
Along the hidden path
Of Heavenly decrees, God walks in State,
But that His very Own,
His Blood and Flesh and Bone,[3]
He loves, and for their welcome opens wide His Gate.

Desperare utique potuissem propter nimia peccata mea et vitia, culpas et infinitas negligentias meas quas egi, et quotidie indesinenter ago, corde, ore, et opere et omnibus modis quibus humana fragilitas peccare potest,

Of ever entering There
Too long I might despair,
Buried in heaps of crushing vice and sin,
The deeds that I have done
And do—nor these alone,
But countless 'idle words' and thoughts impure within.

nisi Verbum Tuum, Deus Meus, Caro fieret, et habitaret in nobis. Sed desperare jam non audeo,[5]

But since Thou didst afford
Thine All-sustaining WORD[4]
To take our flesh, and in our hearts to dwell,
Henceforth I will not dare
In sorrow to despair,
But O my God! to Thee my shame will truly tell.

quoniam Ille, Tibi subditus, usque ad Mortem—mortem autem Crucis, tulit chirographum peccatorum nostrum et affigens illud Cruci peccatum crucifixit et Mortem.

Obedient unto Thee,
With joy submissively
He suffered Death, and counted Riches dross
Our heavy debt to pay,
So He might take away
The accusing scroll of sin, and nail it to His Cross.[6]

In Ipso autem securus[7] respiro, Qui sedet ad Dexteram Tuam et interpellat pro nobis.

Secure,[7] I draw my breath
In Him Who Sin and Death
Has overcome—Who, now, at Thy Right Hand
Sits down to intercede,
And evermore to plead
The Conquest which has won for us 'the far-off Land.'[8]

In Ipso confisus ad Te pervenire desidero, in Quo jam resurreximus et reviximus, jam in cœlum conscendimus et in Cœlestibus considemus.[9]

And Him I hope to see
'In Beauty'—even Thee,
My King, in Whom, to-day, we live again;
Already by Whose Power
Uplifted hour by hour,
We 'sit with'[10] Thee, and in Thy 'Heavenly Places' reign.

Tibi Laus, Tibi Gloria, Tibi Honor et Gratiarum Actio.

To Thee, My God, all Praise
That mortal voice can raise,
Or Voice Immortal from Angelic Tongue,
To Thee, O Trinity,
Through all Eternity,
May Honour, Glory, Laud, and Majesty be sung!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quod Verbum incarnatum sit causa spei nostræ.*

[2] The *Méguignon* edition reads *inimicus,* and omits the passage within brackets. The whole passage is taken from the *Liber Meditationum,* cap. xv. 4, where it is fuller.

[3] Cf. Eph. v. 30.

[4] Cf. Heb. i. 3.

[5] Cf. St. Augustine, *Confessions,* lib. x. 43.

[6] Cf. Col. ii. 14.

[7] Cf. Rom. viii. 32–39.

[8] Cf. Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

[9] This closes the quotation from the *Lib. Medd.* xv. 4, 5.

[10] Cf. Eph. ii. 5, 6.

PERSEVERANCE IN THANKSGIVING.

CAPUT XIV.

Quanta inde delectatio.[1]

ODE XIV.

'My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness, when my mouth praiseth Thee with joyful lips. Have I not remembered Thee on my bed, and thought upon Thee when I was waking?'—Ps. lxiii. 6, 7.

Piissime Domine, Qui sic nos amasti, salvasti, justificasti[2] et sublimasti! Piissime Domine, quam dulcis est Memoria Tua! Quanto magis in Te meditor, tanto es mihi Dulcior et Amabilior.[3]

How sweet the thought of Love—Thy Love Divine,
Most Holy Lord, Who hast this soul of mine
Revived and saved and purified from sin!
The more I muse and ponder upon Thee,
The more my heart to sweetest fervency
Such Loving Grace and Truth and Beauty win.

Idcirco delectant me valde Bona Tua puro mentis intuitu, et dulcissimo pii amoris affectu, in loco peregrinationis meæ, juxta modulum meum.

Therefore, illumed by pure instinctive Light,
Thy precious Gifts my grateful soul delight
And gladden, with their love surpassing sweet,
Cheering this weary pilgrimage below;
While, in my little way, I try to grow
A 'vessel for the Master's service meet.'[4]

Interim, quamdiu his fragilibus subsisto membris [miram Tui dilectionem et pulchritudinem indesinenter cupio desiderare et [5]] considerare. Tuæ enim Caritatis Jaculo vulneratus sum, Tui vehementer Desiderio flagro, ad Te pervenire cupio, Te videre desidero.

Meanwhile, as in this body I remain,
With longing thirst, again and yet again,
I contemplate Thy Wondrous Beauteous Love ;
Stricken and wounded by Its piercing Dart,
And bleeding with desire, my aching heart
Pants to be near Thee in Thy Heaven Above.

Idcirco super custodiam meam stabo, et vigilantibus oculis psallam spiritu, psallam et mente, et totis viribus meis Te Factorem et Re-factorem meum collaudabo.

Set on my watch-tower sleepless I will stand,
And, watching, praise Thee in this exile-land,
Praise Thee with all my strength and mind and soul,
For Thou hast made me in my mother's womb,
And then re-made me in Thy Fountain-tomb,[6]
And wilt among Thy Saints my name enroll.

Polum penetrabo mente, et desiderio Tecum ero ; [7] ut in præsenti quidem miseria solo corpore tenear, Tecum autem cogitatione et aviditate atque omni desiderio sim semper ; quatenus ibi sit cor meum, ubi Tu es Thesaurus meus Desiderabilis, Incomparabilis, multumque Amabilis.

Deep musing, I will pierce this lower sky,
And, in desire, will to Thy Bosom fly,
That, even in this time and place of woe,
My body as a prisoner tied and bound,
My spirit may be There Where Thou art found,
The Treasure Whom I love and long to know.

Sed ecce ! Deus Meus Piissime ac Misericordissime, dum Tuæ Immensæ Bonitatis et Pietatis Gloriam considerare volo, cor meum non sufficit, excedit enim omnem sensum humanæ mentis Tuum Decus, Tua Pulchritudo, Tua Virtus, Tua Magnificentia, Tua Majestas, et Tua Caritas.

But, ah ! My God Most Merciful and Good,
To contemplate Thy Love, when most I would,
Or scan the Beauty of Thy Glorious Face,
This feeble heart of mine will not suffice,
Of that dear Love to count the countless Price,
Or tell Thy Beauty, Glory, Power, and Grace.

Sicut inæstimabilis est Tuæ Gloriæ Splendor, ita ineffabilis est Æternæ Tuæ Caritatis Benignitas Quâ illos quos de nihilo creasti, adoptas in filios et Tibi conjungis.

There is no measure for Infinity,
The Glory of the Light which is in Thee ;
So, neither are there words to tell or write
Thy Love for children whom, of nothing made,
Their ransom by the Blood of Jesus paid,
Thou dost for ever with Thyself unite.

NOTES.

[1] This title refers, of course, to the preceding chapter. In the *Méguignon* edition it is *Quod quanto major sit de Deo Meditatio, tanto sit et dulcior.*

[2] *Justificasti* is omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[3] Cf. the *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxii. 2.

[4] Cf. 2 Tim. ii. 21.

[5] The passage within brackets, not found in the *Benedictine*, is inserted here from the *Méguignon* edition.

[6] Cf. Rom. vi. 4.

[7] Cf. *Liber Meditationum*, cap. xxxvii. 3.

THROUGH TRIBULATION.

CAPUT XV.

Nil asperius ob gloriam Cœli comparandam.[1]

O anima mea [si quotidie oporteret nos tormenta perferre, si ipsam Gehennam longo tempore tolerare, et Christum in Gloria Sua videre possemus, et Sanctis Ejus sociari:

nonne dignum esset pati omne quod triste est, ut Tanti Boni Tantæque Gloriæ participes haberemur?][2]

Insidientur[3] ergo dæmones, parent suas tentationes, frangant corpus jejunia, premant [carnem][4] vestimenta, labores gravent,

vigiliæ exsiccent, clamet in me iste, inquietet me ille [vel ille],[5]

ODE XV.

'*And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.*'—Rom. viii. 17.

If daily torments we must bear,
And pains—yea, as of Hell,
The Light of Christ, with Saints, to share
And of His Glory tell,

What hinders, but that *every* pain
Should gladly be endured,
So great a Portion to attain,
Such Life to be secured?

Therefore, my soul, with crafty snare
Let Satan spread his mesh—
Let fast and sackcloth, toil and care,
Afflict and scourge my flesh;

Let vigils parch my wearied frame,
Let manifold unrest
Be here and there, with constant aim
My failing strength to test;

frigus incurvet, conscientia murmuret, calor urat, caput doleat, pectus ardeat, infletur stomachus,

Let conscience still her scruples make,
Let heat and cold distress,
Let head and heart with sorrows ache,
Let sickness still oppress.

pallescat vultus, infirmet totus, deficiat in dolore vita mea, et anni mei in gemitibus,

Let weakened powers and pallid face
Prolong their tale of strife,
Mourning so much resisted grace
And years of wasted life.[6]

ingrediatur putredo in ossibus meis, et subter me scateat,[7]

Yea, let corruption enter in,
Consuming flesh and bone,
And, underflooding me within,
Demand me for her own.[7]

ut requiescam in Die tribulationis, et ascendam ad populum accinctum nostrum.

What matter, if I find but Rest,
Rest on the Fearful Day,
And, to His girded Army Blest,
Ascend in Peace for aye !

[Quæ enim erit Justorum Gloria ! Quam grandis Sanctorum Lætitia, cum unaquæque Facies fulgebit ut Sol :

What glory shall attend the Just,
The Saints what endless Joy,
When, as the Sun, each from his dust
Shall shine without alloy !

cum, ordinibus distinctis, Populum Suum Dominus in Regno Patris Sui cœperit recensere,

When the Anointed One shall call
His People face to Face,
And range them in His Father's Hall,
Each in his destined place,

et meritis atque operibus singulorum promissa præmia restituere,

Lo There ! as each has said and done,
God will His Word restore,
And bless them freely, one by one,
With Gifts of less and more.

pro terrenis Cœlestia, pro temporalibus Sempiterna, pro modicis Magna !][8]

For earthly He will Heavenly Things,
In Blessing, richly give,
For scanty, running over, Springs,
And Joys that ever live.

Revera cumulus felicitatis erit, cum Dominus adducet Suos Sanctos in Visionem Paternæ Gloriæ,

O Crowning Joy, Supreme delight,
When God the Son shall bring
His Saints into the Father's Sight,
Upon the Spirit's Wing;

et faciet in Cœlestibus considere, ut sit Deus[10] omnia in omnibus.

When He shall make them sit[9] on High,
While Angels prostrate fall,
That God, in Glorious Majesty,
May then be All in All !

NOTES.

[1] In the *Méguignon* edition *Quod desiderandæ sint pro Christo tribulationes in hac vita.*

[2] The passage within brackets is from the ccix. of the *Sermones*, n. 3, erroneously attributed to St. Augustine, in the appendix to the *Benedictine* edition of St. Augustine, vol. v. The sermon is (in the 'iii class de Tempore') for All Saints Day, and is probably the work of Alcuin or Bede, in the spirit and often in the words of SS. Augustine, Chrysostom, and Cyprian.

[3] The Benedictine editors add, in the margin, *indesinenter ergo.*

[4] *Carnem* is inserted here from the *Méguignon* edition.

[5] *Vel ille* is added from the *Méguignon* edition.

[6] Cf. Ps. xxxi. 10, 11. [7] Cf. Habak. iii. 16; Job xvii. 14.

[8] The passage within brackets is a quotation from the *Sermo* cited above, and probably taken from St. Cyprian, *Lib. de Opere et Eleemosyne.*

[9] Cf. St. Luke xiii. 29, xxii. 30; Eph. ii. 6.

[10] *Deus* is omitted in the *Benedictine* edition, but the original passage in the *Sermo*, from which this is obviously taken, is *pro modicis magna præstare; adducere sanctos in visionem Paternæ gloriæ et facere in cœlestibus considere, ut sit Deus omnia in omnibus,* etc.

SACRIFICE.

CAPUT XVI.

Pretium Ejus.[1]

ODE XVI.

'*In the head of the Book it is written of me that I should fulfil Thy Will. O my God, I am content to do it ; yea, Thy Law is within my heart.*'—Ps. xl. 10.

O Felix Jucunditas,[2] et Jucunda Felicitas! Sanctos videre, et Deum habere in Æternum et ultra!

O Happy Bliss ! O Blissful Happiness !
What seer may dimly guess
Their Joy who see the Blessed Saints
In Joy that never faints,
Who see their God eternally,
And more —if more can be,
Who *have* their God, and have Him in the Light
Of Glory everlasting ever bright?

Hæc sedula mente cogitemus, hæc toto desiderio desideremus, ut ad eos cito pervenire valeamus. Si quæras quomodo istud potest fieri, vel [quibus modis,][3] quibus meritis, quibusve auxiliis, audi ;

Be this our steadfast thought with eager mind,
That, longing, we may find
This consummation of our whole desire
Burning with purest fire,
That quickly to the Blessèd we may come,
Straight to their saintly Home !
But if you ask—half faithless, half in fear,
How this can be attained—then patient hear

Such Bliss is gained through energising powers,
Thank God, they may be ours;
For Jesus' Kingdom, albeit immense,
'Suffereth violence.'[4]
His Kingdom seeks no higher price
Than thee—a sacrifice;
Whate'er thy worth, *thyself* the Gift ensures;
Give *that*, and all Its boundless wealth is yours.

Res ista posita est in [potestate facientis: quoniam Regnum Cœlorum vim patitur. Regnum Cœlorum, O Homo, aliud non quærit pretium nisi te ipsum: tantum valet, quantum es. Te da, et habebis illud.

And does this price alarm? Christ Jesus gave
Himself, that He might save
Thee from thy sins, and at His Father's Hand,
Obedient to Command,
Redeemed a Heavenly Kingdom's right in thee
Which lasts eternally;
So yield thyself to Him and not to sin,[5]
That He may reign around thee and within.

Quid turbaris de pretio? Christus Semetipsum tradidit, ut acquireret te Regnum Deo Patri. Ita tu temetipsum da, ut sis Regnum Ejus, ac non regnet peccatum in tuo mortali corpore, sed Spiritus in acquisitionem Vitæ.[6]

NOTES.

[1] *i.e. Gloriæ Cœli.* The *Méguignon* edition has *Quomodo Regnum Cœlorum possit acquiri.*

[2] The *Benedictine* edition reads *Jocunditas jocunda.*

[3] *Quibus modis* are omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[4] Cf. St. Matt. xi. 12. [5] Cf. Rom. vi. 13.

[6] The whole passage within brackets, from *potestate* to the end, is a quotation from the *Sermo* already cited. The exact words are: *Reposita est in potestate facientis, quia 'regnum Cœlorum vim patitur.' Res ista, O Homo, id est regnum cœleste, aliud non quærit pretium quam te ipsum. Tantum valet, quantum es tu; te da, et habebis illud. Quid turbaris de pretio? Christus Semetipsum tradidit, ut acquireret te in regnum Deo Patri; ita et tu te ipsum da, ut sis regnum Ejus, ac non regnet peccatum in mortali tuo corpore, sed spiritus in acquisitionem vitæ.*

PARADISE.

CAPUT XVII.

Paradisi felicitas.[1]

ODE XVII.

'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.'—Rev. ii. 7.

O anima mea [revertamur ad Civitatem Cœlestem in Qua scripti sumus et Cives decreti. Sicut enim Cives Sanctorum, et Domestici Dei, et sicut Hæredes Dei, cohæredes autem Christi, consideremus inclytam nostræ Urbis Felicitatem in quantum considerare possibile][3] est.

Come, O my soul, retrace the road
To Paradise—Demesne of God,
Whereof, inscribed by His Decree,
We hold the Franchise ever free;
'Co-citizens with Saints in Light,'[2]
Servants, yet Heirs of God by right,
Joint Heirs with Christ,[2] come, let us weigh
The measure of our City's Joy, as best we may.

Dicamus ergo cum propheta:[4] O quam gloriosa dicta sunt de Te, Civitas Dei! Sicut lætantium omnium habitatio est in Te. Fundaris enim exultatione universæ terræ. Non est in Te senectus, nec senectutis miseria; non est in Te mancus, nec claudus, neque gibbosus, neque deformis, dum omnes occurrunt in virum perfectum, in mensuram ætatis plenitudinis[7] Christi.

So, with the Prophet, let us say—
'What glorious things, along the way,
City of God, are told of Thee,'[4]
Where all, who dwell, dwell happily!
Thou art the Joy of all the earth;[5]
Nor age nor grief suspends Thy mirth;
Nor crooked halt nor maimed are Thine,
Where all, to build 'the perfect man in Christ,' combine.[6]

[Quid hac vita beatius, ubi non est paupertatis metus, non ægritudinis imbecillitas? Nemo læditur, nemo irascitur, nemo invidet, cupiditas nulla exardescit; nullum cibi desiderium, nulla honoris aut potestatis pulsat ambitio; nullus ibi diaboli metus, insidiæ dæmonum nullæ;

What sweeter happier Life than, There,
To fear no weakness, nor the care
Of poverty; no harm to dread,
Nor angry thing or done or said,
Nor envy, nor unreined desire,
Nor burning thirst, nor hunger dire,
Nor lust of honour nor of power,
Nor awe of Satan's artful toils in darkening hour

terror Gehennæ procul; mors neque corporis neque animæ; sed Immortalitatis munere Jucunda Vita. Nulla erunt tunc mala, nusquam discordia, sed cuncta consona,[8] cuncta convenientia, quia omnium Sanctorum una erit concordia.

The dread of Hell is far from Thence,
Far also Death in twofold sense;
Body and Soul, in unity,
Live on through Immortality.
No evils shall assail us then,
No discord, nor the strife of men:
There, all things shall with all agree;
For, in those Saintly Courts, all will be Harmony.

Pax cuncta et lætitia continet; tranquilla sunt omnia et quieta. Jugis splendor; non ille qui nunc est, sed tanto clarior quanto felicior: quia Civitas illa, ut legitur, non egebit Sole neque Lunâ,[9] sed Dominus Omnipotens illuminabit Eam, et Lucerna Ejus est Agnus:

Calm in the bonds of perfect Peace,
Sweet joys of Quiet never cease;
There shines a soft perpetual Light,
More blessed far, as far more bright,
Than Sun or Moon on earth below;
For, in that Land, we surely know,
The City needs nor Sun nor Moon;
The Lord Almighty and the Lamb bring endless
Noon![9]

Ubi Sancti[10] fulgebunt ut stellæ in perpetuas Æternitates, et, sicut splendor firmamenti, qui erudiunt multos. Quapropter nox ibi nulla, nullæ tenebræ, concursus nubium nullus, nec frigoris ardorisve asperitas ulla,

Where, as the stars, eternal shine[10]
Those saintly Intellects Divine,
Who to the Truth have brought us nigh,
Set, like the firmament, on High.
There never can be night or shade,
Nor thunderings to make afraid,
Nor chilling frost nor parching heat,
Within that Blessed Clime, to mar the Joy complete.

Sed talis erit rerum temperies, quam nec oculus vidit, nec auris[11] audivit, nec in cor hominis ascendit, nisi illorum qui ea perfrui digni inveniuntur, quorum nomina scripta sunt in Libro Vitæ.[12]

Attempering all that Heavenly Sphere,
There is—what neither eye nor ear[11]
Hath seen or heard, nor mortal heart
Hath power to hold or to impart,
Save only those, who have been found
Meet for the wondrous Sight and Sound
Of myriads rescued from the strife
Of sin—whose names are written in the Book of Life.[12]

Verum super hæc omnia est consociari Choris Angelorum et Archangelorum, atque omnium Cœlestium Virtutum ;][13] intueri Patriarchas et Prophetas, videre Apostolos atque omnes Sanctos, videre etiam parentes nostros.

But, more than all, to join the Choirs
Of Angels' and Archangels' Lyres
Thrilling the High Celestial Host,
To see the Prophets and, whom most
The Lord Himself preferred on earth,
The Twelve devoted from the birth ;
To see the Saints—yea, even those,
Our near and dear—to whom the Faith has given repose !

Gloriosa sunt hæc: sed multo gloriosius est[14] Præsentem Dei Vultum cernere, et Incircumscriptum Lumen videre. Superexcellens Gloria erit, cum Deum videbimus in Seipso, videbimus et habebimus in nobis, Quem cernere finis non est.[15]

How glorious these! but how much more,
To see for ever and adore
The Face of God in Glory Bright,
The Vast, the Undefinèd, Light!
Glory transcending all, to see
God, in Himself, in Majesty!
To see and *have* Him all within—
The endless Vision of His Beauty to begin!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quid sit et quid habeat Paradisus.*

[2] Cf. Col. i. 12; Rom. viii. 17.

[3] The opening passage between brackets is from *Sermo* ccix. already cited. Cf. St. Chrysostom, *De Reparatione Lapsi*, cap. vii.

[4] Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

[5] Cf. Ps. xlviii. 2.

[6] Cf. Eph. iv. 13.

[7] The *Méguignon* edition reads *pulchritudinis.*

[8] The *Méguignon* edition omits *cuncta consona.*

[9] Cf. Rev. xxi. 23.

[10] Cf. Daniel xii. 3.

[11] Cf. I Cor. ii. 9; Isaiah lxiv. 4.

[12] Cf. Rev. xx. 12; Philipp. iv. 3.

[13] The long passage within brackets, from *quid* to *virtutum*, is the *descriptio Vitæ Beatæ* found in *Sermo* ccix. already cited.

[14] Cf. St. Gregory, *Homilia in Evang.* xxxvii.

[15] Another reading in the *Benedictine* edition is *est finis sine fine.* The *Méguignon* edition has *non erit finis.*

THE WEALTH OF LOVE.

CAPUT XVIII.

Amoris sufficientia.[1]

[2] Anima insignis Dei Imagine, illustris similitudine, habet in sese ex Deo, quo admoneatur semper aut stare cum Eo aut ad Eum[3] redire, si mota suis affectibus, imo defectibus fuerit.

Et non solum habet unde respirare queat in spem veniæ et in spem misericordiæ, sed etiam unde audeat aspirare ad nuptias Verbi ; et cum Deo inire fœdus societatis, atque cum Rege Angelorum ducere suave jugum amoris.

Hæc omnia facit amor si anima exhibeat se similem Deo per voluntatem, Cui similis est per naturam ; diligens sicut dilecta est.

ODE XVIII.

'*Because of the savour of Thy good ointments Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.*'—Song of Songs i. 2.

What has not God in mercy done,
  Stamping His Image on my soul,
Fixing her love and, one by one,
  Her passions luring to control ;
Setting His sentinel within,
Urging to duty, warning off from sin !

Now she may freely breathe the air
  Of Hope, and feel His Mercy sure ;
Nor only so—but she may dare
  Aspire to union with the pure
Incarnate Word, and, God-allied,
May, by the Angels' King, be callèd Bride.

Of Love, my Soul, such is the power,
  Should'st thou to God be like by will,
As thou art like by nature's dower,
  Should'st thou to Him be loving still,
As He to thee, Whose boundless Love
Is sure and steadfast, as His Throne Above.

Solus enim est amor ex omnibus animæ motibus, sensibus atque affectibus, in quo potest creatura, et si non ex æquo respondere Auctori, vel de simili[4] mutuam rependere vicem.

Of all thy gifts, thou hast but one—
The power to feel—to draw—to move,
To serve thee as thy moral sun,
One only power—the power of Love,
Though far unequally endowed,
That thou canst freely interchange with God.

Amor, ubi venerit, cæteros in se omnes traducit et captivat affectus. Amor per se sufficit, per se placet, et propter se. Ipse meritum, ipse præmium, ipse causa, ipse fructus, ipse usus.[5]

Where'er she comes, Love comes to draw
All other passions to her sway,
And, making Love her only law,
Is self-sufficing every way.
Her will is for herself alone ;
Cause merit, use, effect, are all her own.

Per amorem conjungimur Deo. Amor facit unum spiritum de duobus ; amor facit idem velle, et idem nolle.

All things by Love ! She brings us nigh
To God ; she makes, of two, but one
Whose will, inspired by unity
In yea or nay, is straightway done.
All minds, reknit, conclude the same,
Within this pure and all-cementing frame.

Amor facit prius mores componere ; postmodum omnia quæ adsunt, tanquam non adsint considerare; tertio vero loco munda cordis acie superna et interna conspicere.

Love teaches, first, the life to square
With God's most firm and sure decree ;
Then, to regard the things that are
As absent objects seem to be ;
Thirdly, with cleansèd heart from sin,
To aim at Things above us and within.

Per amorem, primum, in sæculo bene geruntur honesta, postmodum etiam[6] honesta sæculi despiciuntur, ad extremum etiam Dei intima conspiciuntur.

For, first, by Love, we learn to bear
A blameless part while here below;
Next, of all good, whate'er our share
On earth, the vanity to know;
Lastly, the Things of God to see—
His deep deep Things, through all Eternity.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quod homo non valet Deo vicem reddere nisi amorem.*

[2] The opening passage is from St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cantica*, lxxxiii.

[3] *Ad Eum* is not found in the *Benedictine* edition.

[4] For *de simili* the *Méguignon* edition reads *ipsi.*

[5] Cf. St. Bernard, *Serm. in Cantic.* xciii. : 'Per se sufficit, per se placet, et propter se ipse meritum, ipse præmium, sibi est Amor. Præter se non requirit causam, non fructum; fructus ejus usus ejus. Amo, quia amo; amo, ut amem.'

[6] In the MS. known as the *Regius Codex*, *pro æternis* is supplied here

UNION WITH GOD.

ODE XIX.

CAPUT XIX.

Amore Deo sociamur.[1]

'But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same Image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.'—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Deus Pater Caritas est; Deus Filius Dilectio est; Spiritus Sanctus Amor Patris et Filii est.

God, in His Threefold Person, still is Love;
The Father—Charity;
The Son, as on the earth, so now Above,
The Prince of Sympathy;
The Holy Ghost, the Spirit Love-knot true,
Uniting into One,
And speeding the creating Work-anew
Of God the Father and of God the Son!

Hæc Caritas [et hæc Dilectio[2]] aliquid simile requirit in nobis, scilicet caritatem, qua, velut quadam affinitate consanguinitatis, Ei sociemur et conjungamur.[3] Amor dignitatis nescius, reverentiam nescit.

In us some counterpart this Love should find,
By which to God the Lord
We may be joined, in heart and soul and mind,
As if by nature's cord.
Love, in perfection, overlooks the line
Of age and dignity,
Casts all fear out, and makes us intertwine
Our hearts, whate'er of rank the distance be.

Qui amat, per seipsum, fiducialiter accedit ad Deum, familiariterque loquitur Ei ; nihil timens, nihil hæsitans. Perdit quod vivit qui non diligit.[4] Qui autem diligit, oculos suos semper habet ad Deum, Quem diligit, Quem desiderat, in Quo meditatur, in Quo delectatur, in Quo pascitur, in Quo impinguatur.

Who loves his God, self-taught by nobler will,
Draws nigh with confidence ;
And, pouring out his secrets, dreads no ill
Nor danger of offence.
To live and not to love is but to die ;
Life is to live and love ;
Yea, fixed on God below, the loving eye
Feasts on the hope of Life with God Above.

Iste talis sic devotus ita cantat, ita legit, et in omnibus operibus suis sic est providus et circumspectus, quasi Deus adsit Præsens ante oculos ejus, sicut revera adest. Ita orat, quasi sit assumptus et præsentatus ante Faciem Majestatis in Excelso Throno, ubi millia millium ministrant Ei, et decies centena millia assistunt Ei.[5]

Devoted thus his studious hours are spent,
And every work is done,
As if the Eye and Ear of God were lent
To each, while, one by one,
They fill the measure of his fleeting days.
So, also, rapt on High
And as it were beneath the Throne, he prays,
With thousand thousand angels prostrate nigh.[A]

Animam[6] quam visitat amore, expergefacit dormientem ; movet et emollit eum et vulnerat cor ejus ; tenebrosa illuminat, clausa reserat, frigida inflammat ;

O welcome Love ! to rouse the sleeping soul,
To soften and to move,
To wound if hard—if stricken to console !
In turn, to prove
A Key, a Light, a Fire, in every heart
That, closed, or dark, or cold,
Is feeling hopes of brighter days depart,
Or of its early faith is losing hold !

mentem asperam, et irascibilem, et impatientem mitigat; vitia fugat, carnales affectus comprimit, mores emendat, reformat et innovat spiritum; lubricæ ætatis motus actusque leves coercet.

O welcome Love! to calm and gently soothe
The angry storms of life,
The impatient will to check, the rough to smooth;
To quell and lay the strife
Of carnal lust, and passion's lurid flame;
To raise the moral tone,
To form anew the spirit, and reclaim
The man entire, and make him God's alone!

Hæc omnia facit amor cum præsens est; cum vero abscesserit,[7] ita incipit anima jacere languida, ac si cacabo bullienti subtraxeris ignem.

If all these gifts Thy Loving Presence brings,
Thy absence who shall bear?
What profit in the use of earthly things,
Except as Thou art there?
The soul begins to languish and expire
Without Thy fostering aid,
As if one should withdraw the living fire
But now beneath some boiling cauldron laid.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quod in nobis Deus requirat Sibi simile.*
[2] *Et hæc dilectio* are not found in the *Benedictine* edition.
[3] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cantica*, lxiv., lxxxiv.
[4] The margin of the *Benedictine* edition has a new title, *Amans qui se gerit.*
[5] Cf. Daniel vii. 10.
[6] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cant.* lxxiv. Here again a new title is suggested in the margin of the *Benedictine* edition, *Amor in eo quid efficiat.*
[7] Cf. St. Bernard, *ut supra.*

THE CHARACTER OF LOVE.

CAPUT XX.

Amoris indoles.[1]

Magna res est Amor,[2] quo anima per semetipsam fiducialiter accedit ad Deum, Deum familiariter percontatur,[3] consultatque de omni re.

Anima, quæ amat Deum, nil aliud potest cogitare, nil loqui :

cætera contemnit, omnia fastidit ; quidquid meditatur, quidquid loquitur, amorem sapit, amorem redolet.

Ita amor Dei eam sibi vindicavit. Qui[4] vult habere notitiam Dei, amet.

ODE XX.

'*Love is the fulfilling of the Law.*'—Rom. xiii. 10.

Love is the great and potent Thing
To draw the soul confiding nigh
To God ; There she may bring
And leave her poverty.

What soul loves God will love Him so
That every act and thought and word
No End but Him shall know,
No Theme but Him afford.

All other things she will despise
And hate, for Thee, Divinest Love,
Who, to her Heavenward eyes,
Shall ever sweetness prove.

So, for Himself, the Love of God
Has claimed her. She is all His own.
Love is the mystic Rod
By which our God is known.

Frustra accedit ad legendum, ad meditandum, ad prædicandum, ad orandum, qui non amat.

He reads and meditates in vain,
In vain he preaches Christ, and prays,
Who does not love, and gain,
Through Love, all loving ways.

[5] Amor Dei amorem animæ parit, et eam intendere sibi facit.

The Love of God, with fecund power,
Bestows true Love upon the soul,
And holds the precious dower
Within its own control.

[6] Amat Deus ut ametur: cum amat, nil aliud vult quam amari, sciens amore esse beatos qui se amaverint.

God knows their Bliss of Endless Day
Who well have loved and not in vain.
He loves, that we may stay
Our Love on Him again.

Anima amans [7] cunctis suis renuntiat affectionibus, et tota soli incumbit amori, ut possit respondere amori, in redhibendo amore;

The loving soul breaks off the chain
Of passion craving for its own;
Held by a gentler rein,
She yields to Love alone.

et cum tota se effuderit in amorem, quantum est ad aliud fontis perenne profluvium?

So, if on pure divinest Love
Her utmost strength she shall outpour;
What spring is left to move
The exhausted soul to more?

Non pari ubertate concurrunt amor et Amans, anima et Deus, et Creator et creatura; tamen si ex toto se diligit, nihil est, ubi totum deest.

For though, in far unequal flow
Of Love, God and His creatures meet,
Love can no farther go
Than give herself complete.

[8] Non timeat anima quæ amat; paveat quæ non amat.

Whom Love has persevered to prove,
His soul has lost all cause of fear;
Whom Love has ceased to move,
Sore dread is always near.

[9] Anima amans fertur votis, trahitur desideriis, dissimulat merita;

Drawn by desire which Faith reveals,
And borne aloft by fervent prayer,
The loving soul conceals
Her own unworthy share

majestati oculos claudit, aperit voluptati, ponens se in salutari, et fiducialiter agens in eo.

Of every work, and shuts her eyes
To honour, opens them to Joy:
Things only that are 'wise'[10]
Her faithful hands employ.

Amore, anima[11] secedit, et excedit a corporeis sensibus, ut sese non sentiat, quæ Deum sentit.

Withdrawn and raised by Love, beyond
The things which fleshly sense has known,
The soul dissolves her bond
Of self in God alone.

Hoc fit, cum mens ineffabili Dei illecta dulcedine quodammodo sese sibi furatur;

Such is the course of Love Divine,
When charms unspeakable allure,
The charms of God—a mine
Of Sweetness pure—

immo rapitur atque elabitur a seipsa, ut Deo fruatur ad Jucunditatem.

Which, spoiling every chosen soul
Of self and bearing it on High,
Their Godlike Joys unroll
In Blest Captivity.

Nihil tam jucundum, nisi esset tam modicum.

No joy so true as when our means
Prescribe the joy which we can bear;
The more on Love Joy leans,
She gains the ampler share.

[12] Amor dat familiaritatem Dei, familiaritas ausum, ausus gustum, gustus famem.

From Love, familiar access flows;
Access, in turn, to venture leads;
Venture to tasting grows;
And tasting hunger breeds.

Anima, quam tangit amor Dei, nihil aliud potest cogitare, nihil desiderare; sed frequenter suspirat dicens:

So triumphs Love. So, Love-inflamed,
The soul is dead to other fires;
All other hopes disclaimed,
This *one* her tongue inspires—

'Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum, ita desiderat anima mea ad Te, Deus Meus.' [13]

'As, thirsty, longs the panting hart
By cooling streams to be,
So longs my Better Part
Thy Face, my God, to see.' [12]

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De confidentia animæ amantis Deum.*
[2] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cantica,* lxxxiii. n. 3.
[3] The *Méguignon* edition reads *percunctatur.*
[4] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cant.* lxxix. n. 2.
[5] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxix. n. 7.
[6] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxxxiii. n. 4.
[7] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxxxiii. n. 6.
[8] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxxxiv. n. 6.
[9] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxxiv. n. 4.
[10] Cf. Prov. xvi. 20, 21, 23.
[11] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cant.* lxxxv. n. 13.
[12] Cf. St. Bernard, *ibid.* lxxiv. n. 3.
[13] Ps. xlii. 1.

THE LOVE OF JESUS IN HIS WOUNDS.

CAPUT XXI.

Amor Christi.[1]

Deus amore venit ad homines, venit in homines, factus est Homo. Amore Deus invisibilis servis suis factus est similis, amore vulneratus est propter delicta nostra.

Tuta et firma requies est infirmis et peccatoribus in vulneribus Salvatoris. Securus illic habito,[3] patent mihi Viscera per Vulnera :

Quidquid ex me mihi deest usurpo mihi ex Vulneribus Domini Mei : quoniam misericordiæ affluunt, nec desunt foramina per quæ affluunt.

ODE XXI.

'And there shall be a Tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain.'—Is. iv. 6.

To Man God loving came,
In Man, a cleansing Flame,
His Presence dwelt ; Himself a Man was made,
Poor as a slave and mean,
Who, being God unseen,
Our weight of sin upon His Wounds hath laid.[2]

As bird in mother's nest,
All safely hid, I rest
Sinful and weak, within That bruisèd Side ;
Dwelling securely There
For evermore, I share
His tender Heart's compassion multiplied.

When toil and service fail
To profit or avail,
Straight to the Bosom of my God I fly ;
Where mercies overflow,
There how to find, I know,
The ever-streaming channels of supply.[4]

[5] Per foramina Corporis patent mihi arcana Cordis, patet magnum Pietatis Sacramentum, patent Viscera Misericordiæ Dei Nostri in quibus visitavit nos Oriens ex Alto.

The secrets of Thy Heart
To me Thou dost impart,
Through piercings in Thy Blessed Body made ;
Thou, Day-Spring from on High,[6]
Bearing sweet Mercy nigh,
Hast Love's great Sacrament to me conveyed.

Vulnera Jesu Christi plena sunt Misericordia, plena Pietate, plena Dulcedine et Caritate. Foderunt Manus Ejus et Pedes Ejus, et Latus Ejus lancea perforaverunt. Per has Rimas licet mihi gustare quam suavis est Dominus Deus Meus :

O ! full of Love and Truth,
Of Sweetness and of Ruth,
Jesu ! Thy Wounds, in Hands and Feet and Side,
Are precious Gifts to me ;
They let me 'taste and see'[7]
How sweet art Thou, my God, my Lord and Guide.

quoniam revera Suavis et Mitis et multæ Misericordiæ est omnibus Eum invocantibus in veritate, omnibus inquirentibus et maxime diligentibus.

Yea, sweet as meekest child,
Thou Merciful and mild
Art near to all who call upon Thy Name
In truth,[8] and watch and pray,
But most to those who stay
Their life on Love—and so Thy Love proclaim.

Copiosa Redemptio data est nobis in Vulneribus Jesu Christi Salvatoris Nostri, magna multitudo dulcedinis, plenitudo gratiæ, et perfectio virtutum.

Jesu ! Thy healing Wounds,
Surpassing finite bounds,
The world-wide work of saving souls have wrought,
Whom, through abounding Grace,
The sweetness of Thy Face
And perfect Life have to the Father brought.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quid fecit Deus propter hominem.*

[2] Cf. Isaiah liii. 4, 5.

[3] Cf. St. Bernard, *Sermones in Cantica*, lxi. nn. 3, 4.

[4] Cf. Canticles . 15; St. John iv. 10.

[5] The *Benedictine* edition inserts here in the margin *Passionis ac Mortis Christi fructus.*

[6] St. Luke i. 78. [7] Cf. Ps. xxxiv. 8. [8] Cf. 1 Sam. xii. 24.

HEALING IN THE WOUNDS OF JESUS.

CAPUT XXII.

Quam utilis recordatio in tentationibus et adversis.[1]

ODE XXII.

'Behold My Hands and My Feet, that it is I Myself.'
St. Luke xxiv. 39.

Cum me pulsat aliqua turpis cogitatio, recurro ad Vulnera Christi.

Is it that evil thoughts have come
And scathed me with their sting?
The Wounds of Jesus Christ will cure
The sore, and make me clean and pure,
If to His Will *my* will I bring.

Cum me premit caro mea, recordatione Vulnerum Domini mei resurgo.

Too often I have been defiled
By lust and fleshly stain,
But Jesus' Wounds, to memory dear,
Inspiring love, expelling fear,
Will wash my soilèd life again.

Cum Diabolus mihi parat insidias, fugio ad Viscera Misericordiæ Domini mei, et recedit a me.

Soon as the crafty Satan tempts,
And lays his cunning snare,
I get me to Thy piercèd Side;
He flees—he dares not enter There!

Corrigendum.

Ode xxii. Stanza 3, page 74.

For *third* line omitted, insert
I know what dangers me betide,

Si ardor libidinis moveat membra mea, recordatione Vulnerum [Domini Nostri][2] Filii Dei exstinguitur.

He dares not urge his furious lust
To scorch my weakened frame;
For holy thoughts of Calvary,
And what was suffered There for me,
Quench, with remorse, the lurid flame;

In omnibus adversitatibus non invenio[3] tam efficax remedium quam Vulnera Christi: in illis dormio securus, et requiesco intrepidus:

And so, in all my troubled way,
No surer balm is found,
No safer shelter, stronger hold,
Than Jesus' Wounds; they make me bold[4]
To watch, and pray, and keep my ground.

Christus mortuus est pro nobis. Nihil tam est ad mortem [amarum],[5] quod morte Christi non sanetur.[5]

'Christ died for me'—O Blessèd Word!
Now Death has lost her sting,
And every pang, or saddening tear,
Or bitter grief, that I may bear,
Is soothed by my Triumphant King.

Tota spes mea est in Morte Domini mei. Mors Ejus Meritum meum, et Refugium meum, Salus, Vita et Resurrectio mea: Meritum meum Miseratio Domini.

Thy precious Death is all my Hope;
Lord, it is Life to me,
Salvation, Rescue, Birth anew,
And 'Merit'—in that brightest hue
Of tender pitying Love in Thee.

Non sum Meriti inops, quamdiu Ille Miserationum oblitus non fuerit.[6] Et si Misericordiæ multæ, multis ego sum in Meritis.

In 'Merit' how can I be poor,
While Jesus' Mercies flow?
His pure compassion failing not,
Nor fails the 'Merit' of my lot,[7]
While such compassion pure I know.

Quanto Ille potentior est ad salvandum, tanto ego [sum[8]] securior.

'Merit!' O Lord, I know of none
But what is wholly Thine;
Yet, as Thy Mercy sheds her power,
So grows my strength, in Satan's hour,[9]
When, for my hurt, his troops combine.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De recordatione Vulnerum Jesu Christi Domini Nostri.* The *Benedictine* title refers, of course, to the *Passionis fructus*, in the margin of the last chapter.

[2] The *Méguignon* insertion within brackets is retained.

[3] The *Méguignon* edition reads *inveni.* [4] Cf. Eph. iii. 12.

[5] *Amarum* is retained and also *sanetur*, from the *Méguignon* edition, the *Benedictine* omitting the former, and for the latter reading *salvetur.*

[6] The *Méguignon* edition reads *Dominus non defuerit*, for *oblitus non fuerit.*

[7] Cf. Ps. xvi. 6, 7.

[8] *Sum* is retained from the *Méguignon* edition.

[9] Cf. St. Luke xxii. 53.

THE REMEDY AGAINST DESPAIR.

CAPUT XXIII.

Et contra desperationem.[1]

ODE XXIII.

'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.'—Is. liii. 5.

Peccavi peccatum grande et multorum sum mihi conscius delictorum.

Of many a grievous sin,
And slighting of the End,
And countless errors that offend,
My Conscience tells within.

Non sic despero: quoniam ubi abundaverunt delicta, superabundavit et gratia.[2]

But, Lord, shall I despair?
Abounding sin may bruise my soul,
Grace, from Thy Wounds, shall make me whole,
Super-abounding There![2]

Qui de venia peccatorum suorum desperat, negat Deum esse misericordem. Magnam injuriam Deo facit, qui de Ejus misericordia diffidit;

Who doubts Thy pardoning Voice,
Spoils Thee of Mercy—brightest gem
In all Thy glorious Diadem,
And injures Thee by choice.

quantum in se est, negat Deum habere caritatem, veritatem, et potestatem,[3] in quibus tota Spes mea consistit:

O! blackest sin of all,
To doubt Thy Love and Truth and Power,
The strength of Hope's sustaining dower,
To guard against a fall—

scilicet in caritate adoptionis, in veritate promissionis, et in potestate[4] redemptionis.

Power, o'er the rival strife,
Through Jesus Christ the Promised One,
To change the servant to a son,
And free all human life!

'But who art thou,' my soul,
'And on what high deserving claim
Dost thou aspire to find thy name
Upon the Heavenly Roll?'

Murmuret jam quantum voluerit insipiens cogitatio mea dicens: 'Quis enim es tu, et quanta est gloria illa, quibusve meritis illam obtinere speras?' Et ego fiducialiter respondebo:

So speaks a foolish fear,
Murmuring within my doubting breast;
To which, at Better Self's behest,
My spirit answers clear:

'Scio cui credidi, quia in caritate nimia adoptavit me in filium,

'His Truth I surely know,[5]
In Whom my soul has trusted long,
And found a place His sons among,
Though toiling still below.

quia verax est in promissione, potens in exhibitione, et licet Ei facere quod vult.'

'Quick as the agile fire,
His Love but touched His powerful Will,
And straightway moved Him to fulfil
His vast Divine Desire.'

Non possum terreri multitudine peccatorum, si Mors Domini in mentem venerit, quoniam peccata mea Illum vincere non possunt.[6] Clavi et lan-

Saviour! I will not fear
This slough of sin with all its stain;
Soon as I gaze upon Thee slain,
Thy Wounded Hands appear,

cea clamant mihi, quod vere reconciliatus sum Christo, si Eum amavero.

Circling, in wide embrace,
Thy contrite children safely round,
Once lost but now for ever found,
And warded by Thy Grace.

Longinus aperuit mihi Latus Christi lancea, et ego intravi et Ibi requiesco securus.

Thy bruisèd bleeding Side[7]
Is open, and I enter in
And rest ; secure from raids of sin,
I lay me There and hide.[8]

Qui timet amet : quoniam caritas mittit foras timorem.

O ye who are afraid,
Make haste and try to learn to love ;
So His dear secret you may prove
How all dread fears are laid.[9]

Nullum tam potens[10] est et tam efficax contra ardorem libidinis medicamentum quam Mors Redemptoris mei.

And ye who burn with lust,
Lie down beneath His cruel cross,
Compare short gain with endless loss,
And up ! renew your trust.

Extendit Brachia Sua in Cruce et expandit Manus Suas paratus in amplexus peccatorum. Inter Brachia Salvatoris mei et vivere volo et mori cupio.

For me, I only pray
That I may live, O Lord, and die
Within Thine Arms outstretched, and lie
There—waiting for 'That Day.'

Ibi securus decantabo: '*Exaltabo Te Domine, quoniam suscepisti me, nec delectasti inimicos meos super me.*'

There shall I, grateful, sing,
'Prais'd be the Lord that hath not borne
My foes o'er me to vaunt with scorn !'[11]—
Beneath Thy sheltering Wing.

Salvator Noster Caput inclinavit in Morte, ut oscula daret suis dilectis. Totiens Deum osculamur, quotiens in Ejus Amore compungimur.

O Blessèd Head bowed low
In death, to kiss Thy chosen race!
So oft I kiss Thy Blood-stained Face
As contrite Love I know.

NOTES.

[1] The *Benedictine* title assumes the continuation of the subject of the last chapter. The *Méguignon* edition has *Quod recordatio Vulnerum Christi est efficax remedium contra omnes adversitates.*

[2] Cf. Rom. v. 15–17.

[3] From the *Liber de diligendo Deum*, c. xiv. (Appendix to St. Aug. *Opera*, vol. vi.), which is, in turn, from St. Bernard.

[4] The *Benedictine* text has *redditionis*, with *redemptionis* in the margin.

[5] Cf. 2 Tim. i. 12.

[6] Cf. St. Bernard, *Serm. in Cant.* lxi. n. 4.

[7] Cf. St. John xix. 34.

[8] Cf. Ps. xvii. 8, xxvii. 5, xxxi. 20.

[9] Cf. 1 John iv. 18, 19.

[10] Cf. St. Bernard, *Serm. in Cant.* lxi. n. 3, lxii. n. 7.

[11] Ps. xxx. 1.

THE CHALLENGE OF LOVE.

CAPUT XXIV.

Excitatio[1] *Animæ ad Amorem Christi.*

ODE XXIV.

'*Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*'—Is. xlix. 15.

Know'st thou, my soul, the wonders of thy Birth,
What precious Gifts, that day of holy Mirth,
When thou wast born of God again,
Came on thee as the fertile rain,
Thy Father's Form revived, thyself redeemed
With precious Blood that from thy wounded Saviour streamed?

O Anima mea, insignita Dei Imagine, redempta Christi Sanguine,

Know'st thou what spousals bind thy plighted troth,
The Blessed Spirit-Love uniting both,
Jesus and thee, in Mystery,
Which Angels, trying, fail to see?
Know'st thou what Graces wait upon thy call,
What destiny, beyond the skies, in Heaven's High Hall?

desponsata Fide, dotata Spiritu, ornata Virtutibus, deputata cum Angelis,

dilige Eum a Quo tantum dilecta es; intende Illi Qui intendit tibi, quære Quærentem te;

And canst thou aught but love that loving Heart
That undertakes for thee this loving part?
And serve that ever-blessèd Will
That so serves thee, through good and ill?
And seek that ever-watchful Guardian Eye
That so seeks thee, and warns when threatening tides flow high?

ama Amatorem tuum,[2] a Quo tantum amaris, Cujus amore præventa es, Qui est caussa amoris tui. Ipse est Meritum, Ipse Præmium, Ipse Fructus, Ipse Usus, Ipse Finis.

Ah no! from henceforth I can only love,
And be consumed in loving as the dove,
Learning the way, O Lord, from Thee
Who, ere I loved, hast lovèd me,
Who art, Thyself, of Love at once Reward
And Fruit, and Use, and End, and Merit, Guide, and Guard.

Esto sollicita[3] cum Sollicito, cum Vacante vacans, cum Mundo munda, cum Sancto sancta. Qualem te paraveris[4] Deo, talis oportet ut appareat ibi.

Care, O my soul, for One who cares for thee;
Be free for One who for thy life is free;
Be pure for One so chaste and pure
That not His Eye can once endure
The sight of sin. My soul, be holy too;
As thou to Him, so He to thee shall be and do.

Deus suavis et mitis et multæ misericordiæ[5] suaves mites, dulces humiles et misericordes requirit. Ama Eum Qui eduxit te de lacu miseriæ et de luto fæcis.

O Thou Who art so tender, sweet, and mild,
How could'st Thou bear with headstrong men and wild?
How should'st Thou not their love require
Whom Thou hast rescued from the mire,
To be transformed by Grace, that all may see
The change, and greet them gentle, humble, meek, like Thee?

Elige Illum Amicum [6] tuum præ omnibus amicis tuis: Qui, cum omnia subtracta fuerint, solus tibi fidem servabit. In die sepulturæ tuæ, cum omnes amici tui recedant a te, Ille te non derelinquet, sed tuebitur a rugientibus præparatis ad escam;

Now choose, my soul, Whom wilt thou for thy
Friend?
Choose well, with clear-drawn vision of the end—
The end, when earthly friends will go
And leave thee to thy lonely woe;
Choose Him Whose Guard and Shield will still avail,
When lions hunt their prey [7] and men begin to fail;

et conducet te per ignotam Regionem, atque perducet ad plateas Supernæ Sion, et ibi collocabit te cum Angelis, ante Faciem Majestatis suæ, ubi audies illud Angelicum melos, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Whose glorious Arm will bear thee through the
gloom,
For every trembling footstep making 'room,' [8]
And, ushering in the golden Light
Of Sion's court, with Beauty dight,
Will set thee midst the happy Angel-throng,
Who ever hymn the 'Holy, Holy, Holy' Song.

Ibi est Canticum lætitiæ, vox exultationis et salutis, gratiarum actio, et vox laudis atque Hallelujah in perpetuum. Ibi est cumulus felicitatis, supereminens gloria, superabundans lætitia et omnia bona.

There is the sound of sweetest Joy and Mirth,
The Home of all those longings, from their birth,
That Saints express in grateful prayer,
Whose every Hope is centred There,
Where loud and long harmonious bursts of Praise
The thousand thousand Blessèd voices ceaseless
raise.

O Anima mea, suspira ardenter, desidera vehementer, ut possis pervenire in illam Supernam Civitatem, de qua tam gloriosa dicta sunt, in qua sicut lætantium omnium habitatio est.

O! how I sigh and, longing, sigh again,
The struggle o'er with sin, to join the Train
Whose feet that Heavenly City tread,
Of Which such glorious things are said, [9]
To climb that Mount, and dwell with all the Blest
Who There rejoice for ever—There for ever rest!

Amore potes adscendere; amanti nihil est difficile, nihil impossibile. Anima quæ amat adscendit frequenter, et currit familiariter per plateas Cœlestis Hierusalem, visitando Patriarchas et Prophetas, salutando Apostolos, admirando exercitus Martyrum et Confessorum, chorosque Virginum speculando.

Love will transport me Thither, conquering all.
The loving soul rejects, with scorn, the thrall
Of wavering doubt; she soars on High,
As lusty eagles upward fly,
And, roaming free through Sion's jewelled streets,
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, Saints, familiar greets.

Cœlum et Terra et omnia quæ in eis sunt non cessant mihi dicere ut amem Dominum Deum meum.[10]

Teach me this Love—to call its Blessing mine,
To feel, O Lord, its Mystery Divine,
To know its wealth laid up for me,
Proclaimed by heaven, and earth, and sea;
So train me for the Beatific View,
Brightening my sightless eyes and cleansing them anew.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition substitutes *meditatio* for *excitatio*.

[2] The *Méguignon* edition reads *tui* for *tuum*, and omits *tantum*.

[3] Cf. St. Bernard, *Serm. in Cant.* lxix. n. 7.

[4] The *Méguignon* edition reads *qualis apparueris* for *qualem te paraveris*.

[5] Cf. Ps. lxxxvi. 5.

[6] Cf. *Liber de Conscientia* in Appendice Sti. Bernardi c. i. post Hugon. Vict. lib. i. *Misc.* tit. 52.

[7] Cf. Is. xxxi. 4. [8] Cf. Ps. xxxi. 8. [9] Cf. Ps. xlviii. 1, 2, lxxxvii. 1, 2, 3.

[10] Cf. St. Augustine, *Confessions*, lib. x. c. 6. Hitherto we have had a reproduction from the *De Anima* lib. iv. of Hugo a S. Victore; but henceforth the source is different.

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

CAPUT XXV.

Animæ solum sufficit Summum Bonum.[1]

Cor humanum in desiderio Æternitatis non fixum, nunquam stabile potest esse,

sed omni volubilitate volubilius de alio in aliud transit quærens requiem ubi non est.

In his autem caducis et transitoriis, in quibus ejus affectus captivi tenentur, veram requiem invenire non valet :

quoniam tantæ est dignitatis,[2] ut nullum bonum præter Summum Bonum ei sufficere possit ;

ODE XXV.

'*If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land ; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword.*'—Is. ii. 19, 20.

While fixed on no Eternal aim,
How can this heart be still the same,
Still loyal to her Master's Name,

Than shadows cast by setting sun,
More transitory, one by one,
Seeking for Rest and finding none ?

Inconstant ! how can Rest be there
Where all things fade, however fair,
And pass as clouds in formless air ?

Why should my soul be captive led,
And, with a phantom doomed to wed,
On empty husks be daily fed ?

A soul whose noble destiny
Nought but a Realm, above the sky,
And perfect Good can satisfy—

tantæ est enim liberta-tis, ut in aliquod vi-tium [3] cogi non possit.

A soul so free, that neither Hell,
Nor Satan's power malign and fell,
Can *one* bad action *once* compel?

Propterea unicuique propria voluntas est caussa suæ damna-tionis vel salvationis;

To every soul is given a will
That must, to each, his measure fill
Of everlasting good or ill.

They reap the whirlling-wind who sow
The wind—and, yielding to the foe,
Seek wilfully the fate they know.

So also they who *will* that End,
And make their hearts towards It tend,
Shall find, in God, their King and Friend.

et ideo nihil ditius bona voluntate Deo offertur.

Thus, by our will, away we fling
Salvation, or to God we bring
His own—our richest offering.[4]

Bona voluntas [5] Deum ad nos deducit et nos in Eum dirigit. Per bonam voluntatem Deum diligimus, Deum eligimus, ad Deum currimus, ad Deum pervenimus, ac Deum possidemus.

Attraction, and direction true,
And choice of Him in all we do,
And Love, and reaching forth anew,

Ay, and possession—last and best,
All come of hearty will—and Rest
Within some 'Mansion' [6] of the Blest.

O bona voluntas, per quam ad Dei simi-litudinem reformamur

Come, willing mind,[7] with sovereign hand,
Mould me anew by thy command,
And firmly make my choice to stand.

et Ei similes efficimur! Ita amabilis est Deo bona voluntas,

By thee, the Image of my Lord
Takes up in me a life restored,
With Godlike graces, at thy word;

ut Ipse in corde habitare non velit in quo bona voluntas non fuerit.

Without thee, God declines to dwell
Within my heart—to keep it well,
Its griefs to hush, its storms to quell.

Bona voluntas Illius Summæ Majestatis Trinitatem ad se inclinat.

Come, then, and draw me up on High,
To contemplate the Majesty
Of the Eternal Trinity;

Sapientia namque ad cognitionem veritatis illam illuminat;

His Wisdom will illume my eye,
Truth, in Her secrets, to descry,
Solving Her hidden Mystery.

Caritas ad desiderium Bonitatis inflammat;

His Love will urge me to aspire
To holier practice and desire,
Warming my heart with purer fire.

Paternitas in ea custodit quod creavit, ne pereat.

His Eye will guard, with Father's care,
Each Grace He gives—nor will He bear
To lose but one of Gifts so rare.

Transformèd thus by Will Divine
Come, 'willing mind,' and be thou mine!
My old old self I do resign.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Nihil potest animæ sufficere præter Summum Bonum.*

[2] From Hugo a S. Vict. *Miscellan.* lib. i. tit. 7.

[3] The *Méguignon* reading, *aliquod vitium*, is here retained. The *Benedictine* text has *aliud invitum.*

[4] Cf. Ex. xxv. 1, xxxv. 5; Philipp. ii. 13.

[5] The *Benedictine* edition has *Voluntatis bonæ Valor* as a new title here in the margin. Cf. Hugo a S. Vict. *De laude Caritatis.*

[6] Cf. St. John xiv. 1.

[7] 2 Cor. viii. 12.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.

ODE XXVI.

CAPUT XXVI.

Veritatis cognitio.[1]

'They shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Me from the least to the greatest; for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'—Heb. viii. 11, 12.

Quid est cognitio Veritatis?

Nay, ask not, wondering, 'What is Truth?'
Or 'How shall simple people know?'
Such knowledge, on to age from youth,
Is granted as in grace we grow;

Primo cognoscere teipsum et quod esse debeas,

Ask 'What am I?' and 'What ought I to be?'
So shalt thou sooner solve the mystery.

ut[2] esse studeas; quod autem corrigendum est, ut corrigas.

Then, what thou ought'st in life to be,
Begin to be—at least, to try;
Then, strive besetting faults to see
And mend, with most impartial eye;

Deinde cognoscere et amare Creatorem tuum, hoc enim est Totum Summum Bonum.

Lastly, to know Who made thee, and to love,
Is 'sum of Good' below and Bliss Above.

Vide ergo quam ineffabilis est[3] Divinæ Caritatis erga nos dilectio. De nihilo nos creavit, et quidquid habemus [nobis][4] donavit.

Who shall express God's wondrous Love,
Guiding His strong Creating Hand,
Causing all elements to move,
And life, from nothing, to expand?
And *such* a life, enriched with blessings rare
Afresh poured forth at every earnest prayer!

Sed quia plus dileximus datum quam Datorem, creaturam quam Creatorem, cecidimus in laqueam Diaboli, et facti sumus ejus servi.

Woe to us men! the Gifts we share,
The Giver we forget to own,
Too soon seduced by Satan's snare,
And aye to self-indulgence prone.
With such an iron chain and fetter bound,
O where and how shall our release be found?

Deus vero Misericordia motus misit Filium Suum, Quo redimeret servos: misit etiam Spiritum Sanctum, Quo servos adoptaret in filios.

Moved by Compassion's pitying eye,
God sends His Sole-begotten Son[5]
To set us free with Ransom high,
His Blood—it could not else be done;
Then sends His Spirit on Baptismal wave,
And makes a son and heir of cleansèd slave.

Filium dedit in Pretium Redemptionis, Spiritum Sanctum in Privilegium Amoris. Se denique totum servat in hæreditatem adoptionis.[6]

O Wondrous Gift! Redemption's Price,
Sole Son of God, and Holy Ghost,
The Pledge of Love, from Paradise
To earth, and onward, where the Host
Of God's Elect their Blessed Home enjoy,
And, filled with God, the Love of God employ!

Ita Deus, ut Piissimus et Misericordissimus [Amator Hominum],[7] præ desiderio vel amore hominis non solum Sua verum etiam et Seipsum impendit, ut hominem recuperaret non tam Sibi quam homini ipsi.

Muse, O my soul, upon this Scheme
Of Love Divine surpassing thought—
God, pouring out in Blood a stream
Of Love, hath Man's salvation wrought,
For man, and not *for* God, yet all *by* God,
Giving Himself to stay His own just Rod!

Ut homines ex Deo nascerentur, primo ex ipsis natus est Deus. Quis est tam durus, quem non molliat Amor Dei sic Hominem præveniens?

God is abased and born a Man;
Man is upraised and born of God;
O! frozen heart that will not scan,
By help of Heaven's divining rod,
This Mystery, and scanning melt away
In Love, as snow-flakes in the noon of day!

Tam, inquam, vehemens Amor, quod Deus propter homines Homo dignatus est fieri? Quis potest odisse hominem, cujus naturam et similitudinem videt in Humanitate Dei? Revera qui odit illum odit Deum, et perdit quidquid facit.

Transcendent Love! that God should take
The very Flesh of Man, and die,
So we might love, for Jesus' sake,
Our fellow-men in sympathy!
Ah! since this re-creating Work began,
He hates his God who hates his brother man.[8]

[[9]Deus namque propter hominem factus est Homo, ut esset Redemptor Qui est et Creator, ut de suo redimeretur homo; et ut familiarius diligeretur ab homine, Deus in similitudine hominis apparuit;

Say, why is Love the common tie
Of re-created flesh in man,
But that, with our Humanity,[10]
Exalted to the foremost van,
God bought us; He reclaimed us with our own,
So teaching Love to common flesh and bone?

et ut uterque sensus Hominis in Ipso beatificaretur et reficeretur, oculus cordis in Ejus Divinitate, et oculus corporis in Ejus Humanitate,

O Blessed Jesu ! lead me on
To know Thy Twofold Nature's Love;
What each, both God and Man, has done
For me, Thy saving strength to prove;
As God, revive my soul's yet sightless eye,
As Man, renew my soiled mortality.

ut sive ingrediens sive egrediens, in Ipso, pascua inveniret natura humana condita ab Ipso.]

So bless me in my going out,
And bless me in my coming in,
That, undisturbed by fear, or doubt,
Or thoughts, or words, or deeds, of sin,
There may be vernal pasture found for me [11]
Within the Depths of Thy Humanity.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quid sit cognitio Veritatis.*

[2] The *Méguignon* edition omits *ut.*

[3] In the margin the *Benedictine* edition inserts here a new title, *Dei in Hominem beneficia.*

[4] The *Méguignon* edition omits *nobis.*

[5] Cf. John iii. 16.

[6] In the parallel passage from the *Liber de Spiritu et Anima*, c. liv. (last line), *adoptatis* is read instead of *adoptionis.*

[7] In the *Méguignon* edition *Amator Hominum* is omitted.

[8] Cf. 1 John ii. 9–11, iii. 12, 14, 17.

[9] The whole passage from *Deus* to the end of the chapter, included in brackets, is taken from the *Miscellanea* of Hugo a S. Victore, lib. i. tit. 87. The *Benedictine* editors place the new title, *Incarnationis caussæ*, in the margin.

[10] Cf. 1 John iv. 9–11.

[11] Cf. St. John x. 9.

THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

CAPUT XXVII.

Spiritus Sancti effectus.[1]

ODE XXVII.

'Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a Right spirit within me.'—Ps. li. 10.

[2] [Salvator namque noster natus est nobis, crucifixus et mortuus est pro nobis, ut Morte Sua mortem nostram destrueret.

Born for us and crucified,
Blessed Lord! Thou hadst not died,
But, by dying, to disarm
Death, for us, of all her harm.

[3] Et quia Botrus Carnis portatus fuerit ad torcular Crucis, et expressione facta, fluere cœperat Mustum Divinitatis,

In the wine-press of the Cross,[3]
To redeem Thy People's loss,
Grape of Flesh was bruisèd sore,
Yielding Wine in ample store,

Wine of God the soul to cheer,
Bringing Love and chasing Fear,
Pourèd from Thy piercèd Side,
Pourèd for Thy chosen Bride.

missus est Spiritus Sanctus, Quo vasa cordium præpararentur,

Then, O Blessed Spirit! Thou,
Present ever, present now,
Camèst, welcome, to prepare
Vessels washed with jealous care,

et Vinum novum in utres novos poneretur :[4]

Vessels set in bosoms pure,
Vessels fitted to endure,
Vessels new for newest Wine,
Vessels meet for Gifts Divine.

Primum ut corda mundarentur, ne infusum pollueretur ;

Camèst, first, to cleanse the heart,
Lest impure it should impart
To the Wine some tainted thing,
Marring Its instrengthening.

et postea ligarentur, ne effusum amitteretur ;

Camèst, then, the heart to brace,
Lest, some leakage taking place,
Wine so precious should be lost,
And in vain be all the cost.

mundarentur a gaudio iniquitatis, ligarentur contra gaudium vanitatis ;

First to cleanse from joy in sin,
Then to brace lest, vain within,
Joy in pleasure should destroy
All the hope of Heavenly joy.

Non enim quod Bonum est venire potuit, nisi prius recederit quod malum est ;

Evil must be thrust away,
Ere the Good will come to stay ;
Heaven has no room for Hell ;
Good with Evil cannot dwell.

Gaudium iniquitatis polluit, et gaudium vanitatis effundit.

So Thou camèst, Holy Ghost !
For the work Thou lovest most
Cleansing hearts by guilt distained,
Girding hearts by folly drained—

Gaudium iniquitatis reddit vas sordidum, et gaudium vanitatis facit rimosum.

Guilt that, inward, blurs the soul;
Vanity that wastes the whole—
Blurs by making evil sprout,
Wastes by letting Good run out.

Gaudium iniquitatis est cum peccatum diligitur,

What is vain and what is sin?
This—is when the *will* within
Takes delight in vicious ways,
Gladly lapses, gladly strays;

et gaudium vanitatis est cum transitoria amantur.

That—is when all fleeting things
Lend the heart their leaden wings,
Bearing downward high desires,
Smothering their fading fires.

Ejice ergo quod malum est, ut quod Bonum est percipere possis. Effunde amaritudinem, ut dulcedine impleri possis. Spiritus Sanctus Gaudium est et Amor.

O my soul! expel the bad,
So the Good shall make thee glad;
Cast the bitter from thy life,
So the sweet shall lighten strife.

Ejice Spiritum Diaboli et Spiritum mundi hujus, ut accipias Spiritum Dei.

Cast the Devil's spirit out,
Put the world to conscious rout;
So shall access then be free
To the God of Charity.

Spiritus Diaboli operatur gaudium iniquitatis, et Spiritus mundi gaudium vanitatis. Et hæc gaudia mala sunt, quoniam aliud habet culpam, aliud occasionem culpæ.

Cast seducing spirits forth,
Knowing what their baits are worth;
Satan's joys *at once* are crime,
Worldly joys *grow* sin in time.

Veniet autem Spiritus Dei, cum ejecti fuerint Spiritus mali, et intrabit tabernaculum cordis, et operabitur gaudium bonum, et Amorem bonum quo expellitur amor mundi et amor peccati. Amor mundi allicit et decipit ; amor peccati polluit et ad mortem conducit.]

Call the Spirit from Above,
Purest Joy and Sweetest Love ;
He will come when these are gone,
These that *never* dwell alone,

These that carry, in their train,
Guilt and Death and endless pain;
He will come when these are fled,
And on thee His favours shed—

Amor Dei mentem illuminat, conscientiam mundat, animam lætificat, et Deum demonstrat.

Peace and Love and Joy and Light,
In the place of sin and blight,
Light the Three in One to see,
God—Who reigns Eternally.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quid in nobis operetur missio Spiritus Sancti.*

[2] The passage within brackets, comprising nearly the whole chapter, is an extract from the *Miscellanea*, lib. i. tit. 103, of Hugo a S. Victore.

[3] Cf. Isaiah lxiii. 3.

[4] Cf. Matt. ix. 17.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

ODE XXVIII.

CAPUT XXVIII.

Animus et actus Deum diligentis.[1]

'*I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*'—Philipp. iii. 13, 14.

What are these aspirations soaring high,
So frequent deep and true,
So earnest, rising up to pierce the sky,
And aim at 'all things new,'
Mourning the bondage of the old-world life,
And supplicating peace,
Exalting hope beyond all human strife,
What are these ardent cravings for release?

[2] [In quo Amor Dei est semper cogitat quando ad Deum perveniat, quando mundum derelinquat, quando [3] carnis corruptionem evadat, quando veram pacem inveniat.

They are the yearnings of a soul in love
With God, the only True;
They are the signs that to the conscience prove,
As nightly falls of dew
The vast exhaling power of noonday sun,
How Love uplifts the soul,
And draws man onward till his heart is won
Beyond this false and faithless world's control.

Semper habet cor sursum[4] et desiderium in superna elevatum.

Quando sedet, quando ambulat, quando requiescit vel quando aliquid agit, cor a Deo non recedit. Omnes ad amorem Dei exhortatur; omnibus amorem Dei commendat; et quam dulcis est Dei Amor, et quam malus et quam amarus est amor seculi, corde, ore, et opere omnibus demonstrat.

Who loves—it matters little how or where
His earthly lot be cast,
At work, at rest, or recreation, there,
Constant he holds him fast
By God, and all the passing crowd invites
To share his joy of Love;
By thought, and word, and deed, his heart delights
To raise the worlds below to Worlds Above.

Deridet hujus seculi gloriam, arguit sollicitudinem, et quam stultum sit, in his[5] quæ transeunt, fiduciam habere, ostendit.

See how he scorns the poor and passing fame
That earthly grandeur brings;
How earnestly upbraids the very name
Of 'care'[6] for earthly things;
See how he proves their folly and their sin,
Who madly put their trust
And faith in glory that has never been,
And never can be, aught but worthless dust![7]

Miratur cæcitatem hominum qui hæc diligunt; miratur etiam quomodo universo hæc transitoria et caduca omnes non derelinquunt.

'Wondrous,' he says, 'that men should be so blind;
Wondrous that fading things
Should, in their falsehood, not be left behind;
Wondrous that loving wings,
Supplied by God and offered free to all,
Should not be gladly worn,
And every soul, set free from earthly thrall,
To solid joy in God should not be borne!'

Omnibus existimat dulce quod sibi sapit, omnibus placere [8] quod diligit, omnibus manifestum quod cognoscit.] Frequenter Deum [9] suum contemplatur, et in Ejus contemplatione suaviter reficitur, tanto felicius quanto frequentius.

So muses one who loves. The wonted taste
To him so sweet and dear,
The well-conned knowledge, which he dares not waste,
But keeps with jealous fear,
To all mankind he would that taste convey,
And make that knowledge fall;
If *he* the sweetness feels, why should not they?
The more such Gifts prevail, the happier all.

Dulcis [10] est enim, semper ad considerandum, ad amandum, et laudandum semper suavis. [10]

Lord! make me such an one, that I may know
The straining power of Love,
May in sweet contemplation daily grow,
And Heavenward nearer move;
Make me, refreshed the more, the more to rise
To thoughts so high and pure;
What sweeter, *now*, than aiming at that Prize
Which will, in Heaven, eternal Bliss secure?

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De operatione ejus qui diligit Deum.*

[2] From the opening of the chapter down to *cognoscit*, within brackets, is an extract from the *De Laude Caritatis* of Hugo a S. Victore.

[3] The *Méguignon* edition reads *ut* for *quando.*

[4] The *Méguignon* edition reads *suum* for *sursum.*

[5] The *Méguignon* edition reads *iis* for *his.*

[6] Cf. I Cor. vii. 32.

[7] Cf. Ps. ciii. 14.

[8] The *Méguignon* edition omits the words *quod diligit, omnibus manifestum.*

[9] Cf. Hugo a S. Victore, *Miscellanea*, lib. i. tit. 70.

[10] The *Méguignon* edition reads *dulce* and *suave* for *dulcis* and *suavis.*

REST.

CAPUT XXIX.

Cordis Requies.[1]

ODE XXIX.

'Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His Rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.'
Heb. iv. 1.

Revera[2] hæc est vera cordis requies, cum totum in Amorem Dei per Desiderium figitur,

Speak not of Rest for Loving hearts,
In peace that flits away;
The Love of God alone imparts,
By holy and mysterious arts,
Strong to repel malignant darts,
Rest now, and Rest for aye.

nec quidquid aliud appetit, sed in eo quod tenet felici quadam Dulcedine delectatur, delectando jocundatur.[3]

No changeling driven by the wind,
The heart of Love is sure;
Constant to Him with gladsome mind,
All rival suitors cast behind,
It neither hopes, nor seeks, to find
Or Rest or Joy so pure.

Si vero vana aliqua cogitatione inde aliquantulum abstractum fuerit, summa cum festinatione illuc redire festinat, exilium reputans alibi quam ibi moram facere.

Lord! if, perchance, through wandering thought
Or anxious care I stray,
Then, as from far-off exile brought,
Or as by famine dearly taught,
Let all things count to me for nought,
Till I retrace my way.

Nam sicut nullum est momentum[4] quo homo non fruatur vel utatur Dei Pietate[5] vel Misericordia, sic nullum debet esse momentum quo Eum Præsentem non habeat in memoria.

And as Thy Goodness, showered on me,
O'erflows all time and space,
So let Thy Presence constantly,
By night and day, by land and sea,
Possess my will and memory,
And fill me with Thy Grace.

Idcirco non levi[6] crimine tenetur adstrictus, quisquis in oratione cum Deo loquitur, et subito abstrahitur ab Ejus conspectu quasi ab oculis non Videntis nec Audientis.

Teach me to pray to Thee aright,
With recollected mind,
To fear lest, dropping from Thy Sight
And Ear, the day should turn to night,
And darkness come instead of Light[7]
On vacant eyes and blind.

[8] Hoc autem fit quando cogitationes suas malas et importunas sequitur, et aliquam vilissimam creaturam, ad quam mentis intuitus facile distrahitur, Ei præfert :

O fearful end ! too surely gained
By cold distracted prayer—
Careless, remiss, by treason stained—
Hardly a thought for God retained,
Wasted for self—by Heaven disdained,
Unfit to enter There !

illam videlicet in cogitatione sæpius revolvendo vel cogitando quam Deum, quem assidue debet[9] recolere, Creatorem adorare, Salvatorem expectare vel timere Judicem. Quidquid igitur adspectum ab Eo retrahit omnino fugiendum est, et execrandum.

Spare me, O Lord ! this bitter fate,
And guard me while I pray,
Creator ! from Thy High Estate,
Redeemer ! standing at the Gate,[10]
My Judge ! Whose coming I await
In trembling,[11] till 'That Day.'

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De vera cordis requie.*

[2] A similar passage to this, with which the chapter opens, is to be found in the sixth chapter of the *Liber de substantia Dilectionis,* attributed to Hugo of St. Victor and included in his *Institutiones Catholicæ in Decalogum.* The book is inserted in the Appendix to vol. vi. of the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine.

[3] The *Méguignon* edition has *jucundatur.*

[4] Cf. *Liber de Spiritu et Anima,* cap. xxxv.

[5] The *Méguignon* edition reads *pietate Divina* for *Dei Pietate et Misericordia.*

[6] The *Méguignon* reading *levi* is retained; the *Benedictine* is *brevi.*

[7] Cf. Is. lix. 9.

[8] The *Benedictine* edition inserts a new title in the margin here, *Oratio adtenta.*

[9] The *Méguignon* edition adopts the reading which the *Benedictine* places in the margin, *debet recolere Creatorem, adorare Redemptorem, expectare Salvatorem, timere Judicem,* and so completes the chapter; the words from *quidquid* to *execrandum* being the title to the next.

[10] Cf. St. James v. 9; Rev. iii. 20. [11] Cf. Philipp. ii. 12.

WATCHFULNESS.

CAPUT XXX.

Fugere quidquid animum a Deo avertit.[1]

ODE XXX.

'*Little children, let no man deceive you ; he that doeth Righteousness is Righteous even as He is Righteous.*'—1 John iii. 7.

Quisquis amas mundum, tibi prospice qua sit eundum.

Careering gaily, crowned with worldly joy,
Thy heart a captive to each vacant smile,
Take heed in time—but one short hour employ
In asking—'Whither go I, all the while ?'

—

Hæc Via, qua vadis, Via pessima plenaque cladis.

No lack of partners 'long the ample way,
Though filled with peril and a thousand snares ;
Thy feet are treading now where, day by day,
The 'many' pass to ruin, unawares.

The signs of sorrow in the distant end,
Distant to thee for want of Wisdom's eye,
Mark plainly whither graceless footsteps tend,[2]
Each warning, as if blindfold, passing by.

Fuge[3] igitur, O Homo, paululum occupationes tuas, et absconde te, modicum, a tumultuosis cogitationibus tuis.

Stay, but one hour, this busy reckless course,
Flee from thy heedless outer self, and hide
Thee from the tumult of too late remorse
For unchecked folly, vanity, and pride.

Abjice nunc onerosas curas, postpone laboriosas dissensiones tuas.

Cast off absorbing care, remit the toil
Of heartless doubt and sour unlovely strife ;
For these, like foul devouring insects, spoil
And desolate the graces of thy life.

Vaca aliquantulum Deo et paululum[4] requiesce in Eum. Intra in cubiculum mentis tuæ, exclude omnia præter Deum, et quæ valent ad quærendum Eum.

Make room for God, thyself on Him repose,
Enter the inner chamber of thy soul,
And, all the world shut out, the portals close
Upon thyself and Him—of Life the whole.

Clauso ostio quære Eum, et da cor tuum totum Deo, et dic :[5] 'Quæro Vultum Tuum, Vultum Tuum Domine requiro.

There, all alone with God, breathe out thy sigh—
'O Lord, my heart hath talkèd long of Thee '
And to His tender 'Seek My Face,' reply
'Thy Face, Lord, will I seek eternally.'[6]

Eia, nunc ergo Tu Domine Deus Meus doce cor meum ubi et quomodo Te quærat, ubi et quomodo Te inveniat. Domine, si hic non es, ubi Te quæram Absentem? Si autem ubique es, cur Te non video Præsentem?

O Lord my God ! do Thou instruct me how
And where to seek Thee—how and where to find,
Where seek Thee absent if not present now,
Or how I miss Thee, *now*, if close behind.

Sed certe habitas lucem inaccessibilem :[7] sed quomodo accedam ad lucem inaccessibilem, aut quis me deducet et inducet in illam, ut videam Te in illa?

Surely Thou dwellest in the pathless Light,[7]
But how shall I that untold Glory gain?
Whose Hand shall lead me to that dazzling Height,
And bring me to the Day that cannot wane?

Deinde quibus signis, Qua Facie Te quæram? Nunquam Te vidi, Domine Deus Meus, nunquam novi Faciem Tuam.

Whose countenance, or other token sure,
Shall designate Thee, Lord, Whom mortal eye
Hath never gazed upon, serene and pure,
In perfect glory throned and Majesty?

Quid faciet, Altissime Domine, quid faciet iste longinquus Exul tuus? Quid faciet servus Tuus anxius Amore Tui et longe projectus a Facie Tua?

What shall Thy far-off exiled servant do,
Breathing his deep-drawn sigh of yearning Love
Straining, through mists, to catch the distant view
Of Light, beyond the Highest Heavens Above?

Anhelat videre Te, et nimis illi abest Facies Tua.[8] Accedere ad Te desiderat, et inaccessibilis est Habitatio Tua.

Ah! how he pants to see and feel Thee near,
While yet it pleases Thee to hide Thy Face![8]
How close he would approach Thee—yet in fear
As all at fault Thy secret way to trace!

Invenire Te cupit, et nescit locum Tuum. Quærere[9] Te affectat, et ignorat Vultum Tuum.'

How diligent to find Thee—up and down
And everywhere—yet knows not where to seek;
To see Thy Face unclouded by a frown,
Yet seeks in vain, because of eyes too weak!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quidquid mentis aspectum a Deo retrahit omnino fugiendum est atque execrandum.*

[2] Cf. Is. xlvii. 8–12.

[3] Here begins an almost *verbatim* extract from the first chapter of the *Prosologium* of St. Anselm.

[4] The *Méguignon* reading is here retained. The *Benedictine* edition repeats *aliquantulum.*

[5] The *Méguignon* edition has a full stop after *Eum,* and begins a new sentence with *Dicat nunc totum cor tuum : Quæro,* etc.

[6] Ps. xxvii. 9. [7] 1 Tim. vi. 16. [8] Cf. Is. i. 15, liv. 8, lix. 2.

[9] The *Méguignon* edition reads *quærere* with *nescit locum,* stopping *quærere* with a semicolon.

LOSS AND GAIN.

CAPUT XXXI.

Quid peccato perdidit homo, quid invenit.[1]

Domine Deus Meus es Tu, et Dominus Meus, et nunquam vidi Te. Tu me fecisti et refecisti, et omnia Bona mea mihi contulisti, et nondum vidi Te, neque novi.

Denique, ad Te videndum factus sum et nondum feci [id][2] propter quod factus sum. O misera sors Hominis, cum hoc perdidit ad quod factus est!

O dirus et durus casus ille! Heu, quid perdidit et quid invenit? Quid abscessit et quid remansit? Perdidit Beatitudinem ad quam factus est, et invenit Miseriam ad quam factus non est. Abscessit sine Quo nihil felix est; et remansit quod per se non nisi miserum est.

ODE XXXI.

'*Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.*'—St. Matt. xii. 25.

O Lord! Thou art my God and Lord,
And yet my gaze has never soared
Beyond this passing world, to seek Thy Face.
  First formed and then re-formed by Thee,
  Thy Love has ne'er deserted me;
Yet have I known Thee not, nor kept Thy Grace

For seeing Thee I have been made,
Yet still I have not found, nor prayed
For power to find, the purpose of my life.
  To lose the object of my birth
  Were greater loss than all the earth
Could compensate, with wealth and honours rife.

How shall I rate the loss and gain—
The things gone by and that remain?
Alas! the loss is of Eternal Bliss
  That God had made my destiny,
  The gain and remnant?—Misery!
Ah me! I was not born a man for this.

Manducabat tunc Homo Panem Angelorum,[3] Quem nunc esurit; manducat nunc panem dolorum, quem tunc nesciebat.

Once, happy Man ate Angels' Bread;[3]
Now, he but hungers to be fed
With that most blessèd and sustaining Food;
Now, vainly sighing for relief,
He eats the bitter bread of grief,
Unknown when he and all the earth were 'good.'[4]

[Et][5] O Tu Domine, usquequo oblivisceris nos [ad finem]? usquequo avertes Faciem Tuam a nobis? Quando respicies et exaudies nos? Quando illuminabis oculos nostros et ostendes nobis Faciem Tuam? Quando restitues Te nobis?

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget—
For ever? and averted set
Thy Face against me? When, as once before,
Wilt Thou unbind my shortened sight,
And show Thyself in saving might,
And all Thy tender Love, in peace, restore?

Respice, Domine, [et][6] exaudi [et][6] illumina nos, et ostende nobis Teipsum. Restitue Te nobis, ut bene sit nobis, sine Quo tam male est nobis. [Miserere labores et conatus nostros ad Te, qui nihil valemus sine Te.][7] Invita[8] nos, adjuva nos. [Obsecro Domine ne desperem suspirando, sed respirem sperando.]

Regard, O Lord, and hear my cry,
Send out Thy Light, and from on High
Thyself come down to cheer my longing eyes
With Thine own Presence, making well
The ills that of Thine absence tell,
And 'stop the mouth of him that speaketh lies.'[9]

Obsecro Domine, amaricatum est cor meum sua desolatione; indulcora[10] illud Tua consolatione.

To me Thine absence daily brings
A bitter taste of deadly things,
Mourning my heart its dear departed peace;
Return to me, O Loving Lord!
And with the sweetness of Thy Word
Comfort my fainting soul, and give release.

Obsecro Domine,[11] esuriens cœp quærere Te, ne deserar jejunus a Te; famelicus accessi, ne recedam impastus.[12] Pauper veni ad Divitem, miser ad Misericordem, ne recedam vacuus et contemptus.

Hungry, I seek Thee for my Stay,
Send not my empty soul away;
Craving I come, not fasting let me go,
I poor—to very Wealth in Thee.
A wretch—to very Clemency;
Despise me not, nor stern contempt bestow.

Domine, incurvatus sum et non possum nisi deorsum adspicere. Erige me, ut possim sursum [videre vel][13] intendere.

Bowed down with mine iniquities,
Upward, alone, I cannot rise;
Lift Thou me up by Thine own Arm of Might,
Anoint my eyes with cleansing Grace,
That, straining, they may see Thy Face,
And see It in the ever-growing Light.

Iniquitates meæ supergressæ sunt caput meum, obvolverunt me, et sicut onus grave gravarunt[14] me; evolve me, et exonera me, ne urgeat puteus earum[15] os suum super me.

A Burden, weighty as of lead,
Of sin, has overwhelmed my head,
And presses on me more than I can bear;[14]
'The pit's devouring mouth' restrain[15]
From closing on me to her gain,
And ease me of this torment, Lord, and spare.

Doce me quærere Te, et ostende Te quærenti, quia nec quærere Te possum nisi doceas Tu, nec invenire nisi Te ostendas.

Teach me to seek Thee and, the while,
Reveal Thyself with gracious smile;
For, if Thou teachest not, how can I seek,
Or, seeking, how shall ever find,
Unless, in condescension kind,
Thou showèst me Thyself abased and meek?

Quæram Te desiderando, desiderem Te quærendo ; inveniam amando, amem inveniendo.

Lord ! I will seek Thee with my sighs,
And, sighing, strive that so the Prize
Of Thy most gracious favour I may win ;
  Then shall I find Thee while I love,
  And, loving, find how Thou canst prove
My never-failing Shield from Death and sin.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Quod Visio Dei perdita sit propter peccatum, et miseria inventa sit.*

[2] *Id* is omitted in the *Benedictine* edition. [3] Ps. lxxviii. 26. [4] Gen. i. 31.

[5] The *Méguignon* edition omits *et.* In the margin of the *Benedictine* edition a new title is placed here, *Adspiratio ad notitiam Dei.* Cf. Psalm lxxvii. 7–13.

[6] The *Benedictine* edition omits *et.*

[7] The whole of the passages within brackets are omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[8] *Invitas* is the reading in the *Benedictine* text ; *invita* is in the margin, and is here retained from the *Méguignon* edition.

[9] Cf. Psalm lxiii. 11.

[10] The *Benedictine* reading is *indulca ; indulcora* is retained from the *Méguignon* edition.

[11] The *obsecro Domine,* both here and in the preceding passage, is joined, in the *Méguignon* edition, to the words which precede, not to those which follow, it.

[12] The *Méguignon* edition repeats the word *jejunus.*

[13] The words within brackets are retained from the *Méguignon* edition.

[14] The *Méguignon* edition reads *gravant.* Cf. Psalm xxxviii. 4.

[15] *Earum* is omitted in the *Méguignon* edition. Cf. Psalm lxix. 15.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

CAPUT XXXII.

Ad Imaginem Dei cur facti simus.[1]

ODE XXXII.

'*The new man which is renewed in knowledge after the Image of Him that created him.*'—Col. iii. 10.

Fateor Domine et gratias ago, Qui creasti in[2] me Hanc Imaginem Tuam, ut Tui memor Te cogitem,; Te amem.

Why hast Thou made me in Thy Likeness pure
But to allure
My heart, that it may daily grow in Love
And Heavenward move?
O Lord! this truth I gratefully confess
And would express.

Sed sic est abolita adtritione[5] vitiorum, sic est obfuscata fumo peccatorum, ut non possit facere ad quod facta est, nisi Tu renoves et reformes eam.

But now, deformed by sin's corrupting stain
Impressed again
Thine Image on my soul must truly be;
Else, fatally,
My life its destined end to reach will fail,
And nought avail.

[[4] Non tento Domine penetrare Altitudinem Tuam, quia nullatenus comparo illi intellectum meum. Desidero aliquantulum intelligere Veritatem Tuam, quam credit et diligit cor meum.]

I do not dare to pierce the Heights to Thee
Thou Mystery!
Or strain my feeble intellect too high,
By asking why
Thy Word is Truth. I do but ask to prove
My faith and love.

Ergo Domine,[5] Qui das Fidei intellectum, da mihi, ut, quantum scis expedire, intelligam, quia es sicut credimus, et hoc es quod credimus.

O Thou Who givest Faith intelligence
And Godlike sense,
Teach me to trust and so far understand
Thy guiding Hand—
That Thou, Who art 'The Truth' which I believe,
Cannot deceive.

Et quidem credimus[6] Te esse aliquid Quo nihil Majus aut Melius[7] excogitari possit. Quid ergo es, Domine Deus, Quo unum Majus Meliusve nihil valet cogitari?

What is our Faith but this—that Thou, O Lord,
In full accord,
Father and Son and Holy Ghost—All One,
Art God alone,
Greater than all, by man, that can be sought,
Or even thought?

Sed hoc quid est nisi Quod, Summum [Bonum] omnium, solum existens per Seipsum, omnia alia fecit ex nihilo? [Quidquid hoc non est, minus eo est, Quo nihil majus possit cogitari; sed hoc de Te cogitari non potest.][8]

Thyself art Sovereign Good, supreme o'er all
That can befall
The sons of men; while by Thyself alone,
From out Thy Throne
Of Power, evoked from nothing are the rest
At Thy behest.

Quod ergo Bonum deest Summo Bono, per Quod omne bonum? Tu es itaque Justus, Verax, Beatus; et quidquid aliud est, melius est esse, quam non esse.[9]

How shall the *Highest* fail in what is Good,
As if *That* could
Fall short by Which all Goodness comes? Yea, Thou
Art Righteous now
And True and Blest—in Whom all issues meet—
'THE LIFE' Complete.

Verum [10] malis quomodo parcis, si es totus justus et summe justus? An quia Bonitas Tua est incomprehensibilis,

But altogether Just, beyond the ken
Of mortal men,
How canst Thou spare that sinning multitude
Who have withstood
Thy Love? Is it that Love is undefined
To mortal mind?

[et] [11] latet in Luce inaccessibili, quam inhabitas? Vere in Altissimo et secretissimo Bonitatis Tuæ profundo latet Fons, unde manat Fluvius Misericordiæ Tuæ.

O Mystery, concealed in folds of Light,
Far out of sight,
Wherein Thou dwellèst, while dear Mercy's spring,
Meandering,
O'erflows the earth, and then rejoins in Love
Her Source Above!

Nam totus et summe justus sis, tamen idcirco etiam malis benignus es, quia totus et summe bonus es. Minus namque bonus esses, si nulli malo esses Benignus.

Exceeding Righteous, Thou art ever kind,
As millions find;
Thou bearest evil long, that so Thy Love
May, bearing, prove
That it were less than Thine, if evil there
Were none to bear.

Melior est enim qui et bonis simul et malis Bonus est, quam qui bonis tantum Bonus est;

Better if He, our true Impartial Sun, [12]
On every one
Should pour His Love, on evil and on good,
Than if He should
Be gentle only to the holy souls
Whom Grace controls.

et Melior est qui malis et parcendo et puniendo Bonus est, quam qui puniendo tantum. Ideo ergo Misericors es, quia totus et summe Bonus es.

Better to punish now, and now to spare,
Than, 'Arm made bare,'[13]
Only to punish guilty men in sin,
Whom, Lord, to win
Thou camest down in pity from Above,
All wrapt in Love.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De Bonitate Dei.*

[2] The *Méguignon* edition has *me ad Hanc* for *in me Hanc.*

[3] The *Méguignon* edition reads *oblita corruptione* for *abolita adtritione.*

[4] The passage within brackets is omitted in the *Méguignon* edition. It is to this or to a similar sentiment in the mouth of St. Anselm that Archbishop Thomson appeals in his Bampton Lecture when he declares that 'perhaps no writer in the whole history of the Church has brought to the study of the philosophy of religion a keener intellect chastened by a faith more humble. "I do not seek, O Lord," he says, "to penetrate Thy Depths; I by no means think my intellect equal to them; but I long to understand, in some degree, Thy Truth which my heart believes and loves. For I do not seek to understand that I may believe; but I believe that I may understand." (Thomson's *Bampton Lectures*, p. 161.)

[5] St. Anselm, *Prosolog.* cap. ii.

[6] The *Benedictine* edition has a new title in the margin, *Deus quid sit.*

[7] *Melius* is omitted, both here and below, in the original of St. Anselm, *Prosolog.* c. i.

[8] The passage within brackets is omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[9] The *Benedictine* edition has a new title in the margin, *qui totus Bonus.*

[10] St. Anselm, *Prosolog.* c. ix.

[11] *Et* is omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[12] Cf. Psalm xix. 4, 5, 6; St. Matt. v. 45.

[13] Isaiah lii. 10.

THE SUM OF GOOD.

CAPUT XXXIII.

Quantum et Quale Bonum.[1]

O! immensa Bonitas quæ sic omnem intellectum excedis, veniat super me Misericordia illa quæ de tanta opulentia procedit; influat in me quæ profluit de Te!

Parce per clementiam, ne ulciscaris per justitiam.[2] Excita te nunc, anima mea, et erige totum intellectum tuum, et cogita, quantum potes, quale et quantum sit illud Bonum quod Deus est.

Si enim singula bona delectabilia sunt, cogita intente, quam delectabile sit illud Bonum Quod continet jocunditatem[3] omnium [bonorum],

ODE XXXIII.

'*He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.*'—Rev. xxi. 7.

O Height of Love! transcending thought
That Mercy, long desired and sought,
Should scatter, from her boundless wealth,
Such bounties charged with joy and health—
Should, as a River sprung from Thee,
Find, as an ocean, Home in me!

Just Vengeance, Lord, be far from Thee,
O spare me Gentle Clemency!
So shall my soul stir up her power
Of thought, her Heaven-sent precious dower,
And, musing, keep with jealous right
The Goodness of her God in sight.

If single blessings sent alone
Bring joy and gladness, one by one,
What joy and gladness say, my soul,
Must spring from Him, Who is the Whole
Creating Source in heaven and earth
Of Joy—to Gladness giving birth!

et non qualem in rebus creatis sumus experti, sed tanto differentem, quanto differt a creatura Creator!

Nor *is* that Joy which goodly things,
Created, bear on faithless wings;
But this surpassing that, as far
As Heaven excels the highest star,
Exalts the Great Creator's skill,
Who ordereth all things at His Will.

Si enim est bona Vita creata, quam Bona est Vita Creatrix!

If life *created* has its mine
Of gems that dazzle while they shine,
O what must Life *Creating* be,
In fathomless immensity
Of Good, laid up for man reborn,
His soul to grace and to adorn!

Si jocunda est salus facta, quam jocunda est Salus Quæ fecit omnem salutem! Si amabilis est sapientia [in][4] cognitione rerum conditarum, quam amabilis est Sapientia quæ omnia fecit et condidit ex Nihilo![5]

If health and peace be gladsome things,
How more than gladsome He Who brings
That health to all, which so they prize!
If wisdom, dwarfed to mortal eyes,
Be lovely, what of Him Who said
To Nothing 'Be'—and worlds were made![5]

Denique, si multæ et magnæ sunt delectationes in rebus delectabilibus, qualis et quanta est delectatio in Eo Qui Ipse delectabilia fecit!

So, great as are the soothing joys,
In spite of manifold alloys,
That cheer our passage here below,
Much greater He from Whom they flow
Of whom—the Fount of all delight,
No tongue may tell or pen may write.

O! qui hoc Bono[6] fruetur, quid illi erit? Quid illi non erit? Certe, quidquid noluerit non erit; ibi quippe illi erunt bona animæ et corporis, qualia nec oculus vidit, nec auris audivit, nec in cor hominis adscendit,

Who to this Good shall once attain,
What shall He *not* conjointly gain?
All opposition to his will
Removed with every form of ill,
And soul and body brought to see,
Divested of all mystery—
'The Good Supreme,' reserved on High
Beyond all mortal ear or eye!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De delectabili fruitione Dei.*

[2] What follows here is a transcript from chapters xxiv., xxv., and xxvi. of St. Anselm's *Prosologium.*

[3] The *Méguignon* edition has *jucunditatem,* and inserts *bonorum.*

[4] The *Méguignon* edition inserts *in,* and reads *cognitarum* for *conditarum.*

[5] Cf. Psalm xxxiii. 9.

[6] St. Anselm, *Prosolog.* c. xxv.

THE MEASURE OF THE SUM OF GOOD.

CAPUT XXXIV.

Bona in Eo omnia.[1]

ODE XXXIV.

'*Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*'—Is. lv. 2.

Cur ergo per multa vagaris, homuncio, quærendo bona animæ et corporis tui? Ama Unum Bonum, in Quo sunt omnia bona, et sufficiet.[2]

O foolish man! to rove
O'er hill and dale and grove,
Seeking for Good upon this blighted earth!
All Good, to satisfy,
Must be a Unity
Of faultless concord and supernal birth.

Desidera simplex Bonum, quod est omne bonum et satis est.

To search for what is Good
And Simple, as the food
That fits the child, and truly Good all round,
May well content a soul,
And be a worthy goal
To aim at, in this world by senses bound.

Quid enim amas, caro mea? Quid desideras, anima mea? Ibi est, [ibi est][3] quidquid amatis; ibi est quidquid desideratis.

Ask for thy soul's desires,
And after what aspires
Thy flesh? Say truly and 'tis certain—*there*
Thy heart may truly know
What most to love, and how
To keep her love in every thought and prayer.

Si delectat pulchritudo: *fulgebunt justi sicut sol.*[4] Si velocitas aut fortitudo aut libertas corporis cui nihil obsistere poterit:

Is beauty to the sight
Thy soul's supreme delight?
Then think of Saints resplendent as the sun.[4]
Or is it strength or speed,
From flesh and body freed,
That cannot be resisted or outrun?

erunt similes Angelis Dei,[5] quia *seminatur corpus animale, surget corpus spirituale,*[6] potestate utique, non natura.

Then think what it must be
To have the energy
Of Angels in the Heavenly Court of God[5]—
That nature's body sown,
A Spirit's Body grown,[6]
Should share with them the Joy of That Abode.

Si longa aut[7] salubris vita: ibi erit sana Æternitas et æterna Sanitas, quia *justi in perpetuum vivent*[8] et *salus justorum a Domino.*[9]

Or does great length of days
In health command thy praise?
Then think of healthful Immortality,
And of immortal Health—
Gift of unfailing Wealth
To Righteous men whose forces never die.[8]

Si satietas: satiabuntur cum apparuerit gloria Domini. Si ebrietas: inebriabuntur ab Ubertate Domus Dei.

Or is it daily Bread
In ever-fulness spread?
Then think of 'plenteousness' in Heaven stored.[10]
Or Nectar, thirst to sate,
Yea, to inebriate?
The 'well of life'[11] is ever with the Lord.

Si melodia: ibi Angeli concinent sine fine Deo. Si quælibet non immunda sed munda voluptas: torrente voluptatis Suæ potabit eos Dominus.

Or is it tuneful song
For which thy senses long?
Think of the Hymns in Seraphim's Abode;
Or is it pleasure pure
That will no sin endure?
'Tis 'like a River,' in the House of God![12]

Si sapientia: ipsa Dei Sapientia ostendet eis Seipsam Sapientiam. Si amicitia: diligent Deum plusquam seipsos, et invicem tanquam seipsos,

Or is it wisdom gràve
And calm that thou would'st have?
Incarnate Wisdom God Himself reveals;
Or dost thou seek a friend
To love thee to the end?
Beyond thy love of self HIS Love appeals.

[et] Deus illos plusquam illi seipsos; quia illi Illum et se invicem per Illum, et Ille Se et illos per Seipsum.

The loves which men return
Through God live on and burn;
He, *for* Himself, Himself hath loved and loves
Ere yet the worlds began;
So, *by* Himself, to man
He grants that love which human friendship proves.

Si concordia: omnibus illis erit, quia nulla illis erit nisi Dei Summa[13] Voluntas.

Or is it harmony
Of will in unity
Thou cravest for, as human discord fails?
Then think of God's Sole Will,
With power all hearts to fill,
Reigning Supreme because none else prevails.

Si potestas: omnipotentes erunt suæ voluntatis ut Deus Suæ. Nam sicut Deus poterit quod volet per Seipsum, ita poterunt illi quod volent per Illum; quia sicut illi non aliud volent quam Ille volet, ita Ille volet quidquid illi volent, et quod Ille volet non poterit non esse.

Or is it power? What power
Can serve thee for a tower
Of strength like God's Almighty Loving Will?
Which Will is always thine,
When His and thine combine,
And cannot *but* thy will in His fulfil.

Si honor et divitiæ: Deus servos Suos bonos et fideles supra multa bona constituet, imo Filii Dei et Dii vocabuntur, et erunt [et ubi erit Unicus, ibi erunt et illi] [14] hæredes quidem Dei, cohæredes autem Christi.

Or is it wealth or fame
Thou seekest for a name?
Then think of 'servants' trading with His Wares,
O'er 'many things,' made meet [15]
To sit on Ruler's seat,
And be as 'gods,' and 'sons,' and 'fellow-heirs.' [16]

Si vero securitas, certe: [17] ita certi erunt nunquam ullatenus illud bonum sibi defuturum, sicut certi erunt se non sua sponte illud amissuros;

Or is it tenure sure
And certain to endure,
Thou yearnest after in thy heart's recess?
Then never canst thou lose
Thy Good, nor ever *choose*
Its loss nor, willing, make its blessing less;

nec Dilectorem Deum illud dilectoribus suis invitis ablaturum, nec aliquid Deo potentius Deum et illos separaturum. [18]

God cannot take away,
From whom He loves for aye
And who love Him, His Gifts *against* their will;
And if not He, who can?
What stronger Hand o'er man
To bind thee up with Good, and banish ill?

How grand the Joy and Crown,
And Glory and Renown,
Of reaching and possessing such a Good!
Be this, my soul, thy care,
Thine aim in work and prayer,
In thirst Refreshment, and in hunger Food!

Gaudium vero quale quantumve est, ubi tale ac tantum Bonum est!

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *Summum Bonum appetendum est.*

[2] The *Méguignon* edition reads *sufficit.*

[3] The *Méguignon* edition omits the second *ibi est*, and reads *amas* and *desideras* for *amatis* and *desideratis.*

[4] St. Matt. xiii. 43. [5] St. Matt. xxii. 30. [6] 1 Cor. xv. 34.

[7] The *Méguignon* edition reads *si elongatur* for *si longa aut.*

[8] Wisdom v. 16. [9] Psalm xxxvii. 18, 19, 28, 30. [10] Psalm xxxvi. 8.

[11] Cf. Psalm xxxvi. 9; Is. xii. 3; St. John iv. 14; Rev. xxi. 6.

[12] Psalm xxxvi. 8.

[13] The original reading of St. Anselm's *Prosologium* is *sola.*

[14] The words within brackets are omitted in the *Méguignon* edition.

[15] St. Matt. xxv. 23. [16] Cf. Gal. iv. 4–7.

[17] The *Méguignon* edition has *certa* for *certe.*

[18] Cf. Rom. viii. 17.

THE ANTICIPATION OF JOY.

CAPUT XXXV.

Gaudium quantum erit fruentibus eo.[1]

Cor humanum, cor indigens, cor expertum ærumnas et miserias, imo obrutum[2] miseriis, quantum gauderes si in his omnibus abundares!

Interroga [ultima][3] intima tua, si capere possunt gaudium suum de tanta Beatitudine sua. Sed certe si quis alius, quem omnino sicut teipsum amares,

eandem Beatitudinem haberet, duplicaretur gaudium tuum, quia non minus gauderes pro eo quam pro teipso. Si vero duo vel tres vel multo plures id ipsum haberent, tantumdem pro singulis quantum pro teipso gauderes, si singulos sicut teipsum amares.

ODE XXXV.

'*The Joy of the Lord is your strength.*'—Neh. viii. 10.

O Heart of man in sore distress,
When cares and pains and grief oppress,
Familiar as thy daily bread,
Breaking in torrents on thy head,
Think with what Joy thou shalt be crowned,
Though now these sorrows may abound.

Ask of thy purest sense within—
If it can reach so high—to win
For thee some grasp, or distant guess,
Of so great future Happiness.
The joy thou hast for self will tell
Thy joy for others loved as well;

If, loving as thyself one dear,
Thine eye should see him ever near
Sharing thy bliss, thy joy would grow,
And no less praise for him would owe
Than for thyself; or three or two—
Thy joy, in each, would be as true.

Ergo quid erit in illa perfecta caritate innumerabilium Angelorum et hominum, ubi nullus diligit alium minus quam seipsum? Non enim aliter gaudebit unusquisque pro singulis aliis quam pro seipso.

But, in God's Presence, what if *There*
Ten Millions should thy glory share—
A Countless Host, of whom not one
Loves others less than self alone,
But feels their Joy to be his own,
Where jealousy is all unknown?

Si ergo cor hominis de tanto Bono suo vix gaudium suum capiat, quomodo capax erit tot et tantorum gaudiorum?

O Heart of man! if thou must fail
To grasp the Joy that shall prevail
Within thyself, for what is thine
Of so great Bliss—how to define
The myriad Joys, of myriads near
To thee, will far surpass thy sphere.

Et utique, [quoniam][4] quantum quisque diligit aliquem, tantum de Bono ejus gaudet; et[4] sicut in illa Beata Felicitate unusquisque sine comparatione plus amabit Deum quam se et omnes alios secum, ita plus gaudebit absque æstimatione de felicitate Dei quam de sua et omnium aliorum secum.

Unselfish Love will be thy sign
Of joy in others' Bliss Divine;
But, as of other loves thy share
Will not with Love of God compare,
So Joys of God, beyond all tale,
Will over other joys prevail;

Et si Deum sic diligent toto corde, tota mente, tota anima, ut tamen totum cor, tota mens, tota anima non sufficiat dignitati dilectionis,

And yet, if all thy heart, and mind,
And strength, and soul, were free to bind
Thee to thy God in Love, still all
Thy powers combined were far too small
An offering, meet for Him to prove,
Or worthy of His boundless Love.

profecto sic gaudebunt toto corde, tota mente, tota anima, ut tamen totum cor, tota mens, tota anima non sufficiat plenitudini Gaudii.

Or if, again, thy heart and mind
And strength and soul should, loving, find
On God expended all their joy,
Not all the powers thou couldst employ
Would e'er suffice to fill His Seat
With Joy in fulness—Joy complete.

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *De multa caritate Sanctorum in Cœlis.*

[2] I have ventured to read *obrutum* for *obruptum*, though the latter is found in both *Benedictine* and *Méguignon* editions.

[3] The *Benedictine* edition omits *ultima.*

[4] The *Méguignon* edition inserts *quoniam*, and omits *et.*

THE FULNESS OF JOY.

CAPUT XXXVI.

An plene hic excogitetur ?[1]

ODE XXXVI.

'*Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*'—St. John xvi. 23, 24.

Deus meus et Domine meus, Spes mea et Gaudium cordis mei, dic animæ meæ, si hoc est Gaudium de Quo nobis per Filium Tuum dicis : *Petite et accipietis, ut Gaudium vestrum sit plenum ?*[2]

My God, Thou Hope and Joy of all my heart,
And Lord of all my Life,
Comfort my soul, and to her search impart
An answer 'mid the strife
Of tongues. Is joy, through Christ Thine only Son,
In this which Thou hast said :
'Ask, and ye shall receive'? Shall this be done
'That joy may be fulfilled' upon each suppliant's head?

Inveni[3] namque gaudium quoddam plenum et plusquam plenum, pleno quippe corde, plena mente, plena anima, pleno toto homine gaudio illo; adhuc supra modum supere rit gaudium?

For I have found a certain joy complete
Already, full and more,
Claiming to satisfy the whole conceit
And utmost stretch of power
Of heart and mind and soul and strength in man;
Does *greater* joy than this
Remain, beyond all mortal wit to scan,
Transcending every known or apprehended Bliss?

Beyond the joy that fails, when at the best,
The Joyer's heart to fill,
Is there a Joy that takes him as a guest,
And tells him, at her will,
To come and be ***united*** to his Head,
And 'wholly enter in'[6]
And feast upon the Joy divinely spread,
'Joy of the Lord,' that Prophets, Saints, and Martyrs win?

Non ergo totum illud gaudium intrabit in gaudentes, sed[4] toti gaudentes intrabunt in gaudium illud.[5]

Speak, Lord, and tell Thy servant's heart within,
Is ***this*** the 'joy,' indeed,
To which, through Grace, Thy Children 'enter in,
When, from this body freed,
They penetrate to Thee—'Joy of the Lord'?
Surely this wondrous Joy
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard a word,
Nor heart of man conceived; yet these it shall employ.[7]

Dic Domine, dic servo tuo intus in corde meo, si hoc est Gaudium in Quod intrabunt servi Tui qui intrabunt in Gaudium Domini sui. Sed certe Gaudium illud, quo gaudebunt Electi Tui, nec oculus vidit, nec auris audivit, nec in cor Hominis adscendit.[7]

And so not yet, O Lord, not yet, my soul
Has said or even thought
How much of Joy have they who have the whole;
By how much nearer brought
In Love, by so much filled with joy in Thee;
But O! ***how much*** of Love?
This neither ear can hear, nor eye can see,
Nor heart conceive, nor search of man on earth can prove.

Nondum ergo cogitavi, aut dixi, Domine, quantum gaudebunt Electi Tui? Utique tantum gaudebunt, quantum amabunt; tantum amabunt, quantum (Te) cognoscent, Domine. Et quantum Te, Domine, cognoscent—quantum amabunt? Certe nec oculus vidit, nec auris audivit, nec in cor hominis adscendit in hac vita, quantum Te cognoscent et amabunt in illa vita.

Oro Te, Deus meus, ut cognoscam Te, amem Te, ut gaudeam de Te, et si non possum, in hac vita, ad plenum, vel proficiam die in diem, usque dum veniam[8] illud ad plenum. Proficiat in me hic Notitia Tui, ut [ibi] fiat plena. Crescat in me hic Amor Tuus, ut ibi sit plenus, ut hic Gaudium meum sit in Ipso magnum Te plenum.

Teach me to know and love and joy in Thee
For this, my God, I pray ;
And though, in these, to reach what I would be,
I fail, 'along the way,'
Still let me grow in grace from hour to hour
Till perfect Life begin ;
Of Knowledge, Love, and Joy, increase in power
Till all be 'full,' and I am free to 'enter in.'

Deus Verax, peto ut accipiam quod promittis, ut Gaudium Meum sit plenum.

This promised Gift that I may glad receive,
O God of Truth, I pray ;
'Fulfillèd be thy Joy.'[9] Let me believe
That waiting, day by day,
This Blessing to secure for me and mine,
Thou willest me to 'ask,'
That I may, blest, 'receive' of what is Thine,
And so fulfil Thy word—my 'light and easy' task.[10]

Meditetur inde interim mens mea, loquatur inde lingua mea, amet illud cor meum, sermocinetur os meum, esuriat illud anima mea, sitiat illud caro mea, desideret illud tota substantia mea, donec intrem in Gaudium Domini Mei, ibi permansurus per secula.

Meanwhile I will my intellect to muse,
My tongue aloud to tell,
My heart to love, as it has grace to choose,
My lips to speak of well,
My soul to hunger for, my flesh to thirst,
Yea, all I have and am
To long for—*one* thing most, and best, and first—
'Joy of the Lord'—Eternal Marriage of The Lamb.[11]

NOTES.

[1] The *Méguignon* edition has *de pleno gaudio Vitæ Æternæ.*

[2] St. John xvi. 24. [3] St. Anselm, *Prosolog.* c. xxvi.

[4] The *Méguignon* edition reads *scilicet* for *sed.*

[5] The *Méguignon* edition reads *Domini sui* for *illud.*

[6] St. Matt. xxv. 21. [7] Is. lxiv. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9.

[8] There is some obscurity in the text, where the *Benedictine* and the *Méguignon* versions, alike, read *veniat.* I have ventured to suggest *veniam.*

[9] St. John xvii. 13. [10] Cf. St. Matt. xi. 30. [11] Cf. Revelation xix. 7, 9.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

I ADD two specimens from other sources, in the hope, if it may be, of inducing an increasing resort to the authors from whom they come.

First, the following passage from the first *Appendix* to the *Liber Memorialis Vitæ Christianæ* of LUIS OF GRANADA (Ludovicus Grana tensis), of whose writings it has been said that they are 'devouring Love.

A PRAYER FOR LOVE.

Oratio pro Amore Dei.

'*I will love Thee, O Lord my Strength.*'—Ps. xviii. 1.

Si inter omnia quæ nos ad amorem provocant, nil forma et pulchritudine reperiatur efficacius, cur non ego merito amabo Te, Domine Mi, Qui Fons es omnis Pulchritudinis et Decoris?

Of all the charms that Love invite,
If there be none my heart to lure
With greater power, through ravished sight,
Than Beauty, fair in form and pure,
Why shall not all my Love on Thee,
O God, my Lord, deservedly
Be spent—Who art the Source and Spring
Of Beauty past imagining?

Tu es Pulchritudo universæ mundi hujus machinæ: quidquid enim in illa pulchrum est per Te et a Te pulchrum est, quia Tu creasti. Pulchritudinem Tuam mirantur sol et luna; in Faciem Tuam Angeli prospicere desiderant; in Ejus namque visione consistit ultima Felicitas et omnium Spirituum supernorum gloria.

The starry sky and teeming earth
Are beautiful; yet only Thcu
To every Beauty givest birth,
Who with Thyself dost each endow;
As sun and moon pursue their race,
They wonder at that Beauteous Face
Which Angels, longing, crave to see,
And saints—in crowned Felicity.

A Te suam sortiuntur pulchritudinem volucres, flores, fontes, agri, flumina, maria, nemora, silvæ, arbores, terra, montes, valles, et quidquid in illis conspicitur. Tu ornasti Cœlum stellis, aerem avibus, aquam piscibus, prata floribus, et terram infinita plantarum atque animalium varietate.

From Thee the loveliness proceeds
Of flowers, and birds, and fruity vales,
Of rivers, fountains, woods and meads,
Of earth and sea, of hills and dales;
With brilliant stars the lambent sky,
The air with wingèd things that fly,
With fish the waters, and the land
With beasts, are graced at Thy Command.

In omni loco mundi Tu Pulcher es, quia ubique Tuæ Pulchritudinis conspiciuntur indicia. In Cœlo es Pulchritudo Gloriæ, in Inferno Justitiæ, in bonis hominibus Gratiæ, in malis Patientiæ.

In every thing, in every place,
Within the world, Thy Beauty shines;
For everywhere Thy Perfect Face
Of Beauty leaves expressive signs—
On Heaven of Glory, and on Hell
Of Justice—upon doing well
Of Grace—on sinners that offend
Of patient waiting to the end.

Sed et amabo Te, Domine Mi, Qui omnium rerum es Perfectio. Tu Laus es Angelorum, Præmium Sanctorum, Spes Patriarcharum, Lumen Prophetarum, Gaudium Apostolorum, Corona Martyrum, Gloria Confessorum, Puritas Virginum, et Salus omnium Electorum. Omnes Beati Spiritus laudant Te, a Facie Tua columnæ Cœli contremiscunt, Te honorant et reverentur omnes mundi Creaturæ.

So will I love Thee, Blessed Lord,
Perfect in Beauty and in Might:
The angels' Praise, the saints' Reward,
The fathers' Hope, the prophets' Light,
The apostles' Joy, the martyrs' Crown,
Confessors' Glory and Renown,
Whom virgins and elect adore,
And Spirits blest, for evermore.

Tu reples omnia nec dilataris; Tu penetras omnia nec moveris; Tu in omnibus rebus es nec ulla concluderis; Tu creasti omnia absque necessitate; Tu gubernas omnia absque ullo labore; Tu mutas omnia, et Ipse non mutaris.

Thou, filling all, hast no increase,
Invading all, art not set on,
Indwelling all with Love and Peace,
Yet comprehended art by none.
Thy Hand, creating, had no need,
And now It rules, from labour freed;
Thine Action changing at Thy Will,
Thyself, the while, unchangèd still.

Tu solus judicas sine ullo errore; Tu solus castigas sine ulla perturbatione; Tu solus dona distribuis et nihil Thesauro Tuo decedit. Tu solus es Tibi et omnibus sufficientissimus. Qui Te igitur habet, is habet omnia; et qui Te non habet, etiamsi omnes habeat hujus mundi thesauros, pauper est, nudus est, miser est et miserabilis.

Alone Thy Judgments know no blot,
Alone Thy Rod from passion free,
Alone Thy Gifts diminish not
The fulness of Thy Treasury.
Sufficing for Thyself alone
And all—who has Thee for his own
Abounds in wealth; who has Thee not
Is empty in the richest lot.

Una sæpe res nos ad tam insanum creaturæ alicujus amorem impellit, ut pro ea mille mortes appetere non dubitemus. In Te autem, Domine, cum tot tantaque simul concurrant, cur Te non diligam? cur non lubens acerbissima quæque pro Nominis Tui gloria perferam? cur non lubens pro Te sanguinem meum fundam, Qui Tuum tam liberaliter pro me effudisti?

How often love of man or thing
  Would drive the frenzied heart to die
A thousand deaths—if these could bring
  Its darling object safely nigh!
In Thee, O Lord, all Loves combine;
Why is my heart not wholly Thine?
Why do I grudge my blood to Thee,
Whose Blood was freely shed for me?

Si considerem beneficia, nulli plusquam Tibi debeo: si amorem, nemo mihi melius vult quam Tu: si cognationem, non habet anima mea Te conjunctiorem. Magna profecto Amoris causa est Similitudo, et quæ major Similitudo quam quæ est inter Te, Domine, et animam meam, quæ creata est ad Imaginem et Similitudinem Tuam?

If I recount my gifts—I owe
  For none, to none, as unto Thee;
Of love or kindred none I know
  Loves better, or is nearer me;
If likeness predisposes love,
What greater charm than this to move
In me the soul which Thou didst frame
To bear Thine Image and Thy Name?

Tu es Spiritus, et anima mea spiritus est; Tu es invisibilis, et anima mea invisibilis est; Tu immortalis, et anima mea immortalis; Tu intellectum habes, memoriam et Voluntatem, easdem habet et anima mea potentias. Tu cum sis simplicissimus et invisibilis, totus es in toto mundo, et totus in singulis ejus partibus, et anima mea cum ejusdem sit conditionis, tota est in toto corpore, et tota in quolibet ejus membro.

My soul a spirit—such art Thou,
  As Thou, by human eye unseen,
As Thou, immortal—whom to endow
  With free born will and memory keen
And subtle intellect, as Thine,
Thou hast been pleased so to combine
Our common attributes in one,
That I the more may prove Thy son.

Cum itaque tanta sit inter me et Te, O Amor mi! similitudo, cur non diligam Te? An quia Tu excelsus es, et ego humilis? An quia Tu Creator et ego creatura? An quia Tu Essentia es perfectissima, et ego totus imperfectus?

Why is my love so dull and small
  For Thee, to Whom I am so like?
Is it that I can only fall
  Beneath Thy Feet and, humbled, strike
My breast and call to Thee on High?
My Maker Thou—Thy creature I,
I marred by sin—Thou Perfect God,
Thou Highest Lord—I lowest sod!

Non hoc impedire sed augere debet nostram dilectionem; multo namque amabilior est Similitudo cum inæqualitate proportionata, quam quæ omni ex parte est æqualis. Major est amor patris in filios, et uxoris in maritum, quam fratrum inter se qui sunt æquales.

Nay, surely, distance should increase
  Dear love; that love with likeness grows,
Which, with unequal powers to please,
  The loved one to the lover owes.
Parent and child and wife and spouse,
Unequal, deeper love arouse
Than brothers and their sisters know,
Whose lives in equal measure flow.

Suavius sonant voces inter se differentes, si ad proportionem reducantur, quam quæ consonæ sunt et uniformes. Et hæc igitur inæqualitas quæ est inter Te et animam meam, majoris sit, Domine, causa dilectionis!

More sweetly varying voices sound,
  In tuneful harmony combined,
When by exact proportion bound,
  Than when their equal strength they find
In unison; so too in thee,
My soul, this inequality
With God, in Glory throned Above,
Is cause of more abounding Love.

In Te igitur, O Dilectissime Sponse animæ meæ, in Te sunt omnes Amoris causæ, quæ possunt excogitari, Dignissimusque es Qui amore diligaris infinito: sed voluntatem in me deprehendo eum in modum depravatam, ut id præstare neq ɪeat; taceo quod subinde semetipsum plus quam Te diligat.

Spouse of my soul! most well-beloved!
In Thee all causes richly dwell,
That can be thought or said or proved,
Why with a love no tongue can tell
Thou should'st be loved. Yet O! this will
Of mine is so depraved by ill,
That I do fail to love Thee, while
Myself I love who am so vile.

Quare nisi Tu, Domine, sanes naturam meam infirmam gratia Tua, et nisi in cor meum virtutem Caritatis per Spiritum Sanctum infundas, nunquam potero Te amore gratuito et supernaturali, quali cum amari dignus es et vis, diligere.

Wherefore, O Lord, unless by Grace
This broken nature Thou shalt bind,
And, pouring in Thy Spirit, brace
With force of Love this heart and mind,
I shall despair of offering Thee
That superhuman Charity
Which Thou art worthy to receive,
And which Thou willèst me to give.

Da igitur mihi misero gratiam, ut quod vis et jubes præstare possim. Da mihi, ut Te diligam, si non amore quo Tu dignus es, saltem eo quem mea potest capere natura; hoc est, ex toto corde meo, tota anima mea, tota fortitudine mea et totis viribus meis: ita ut omnia viscera mea intrinsecus ardeant, et amore Tui liquefiant.

Grant me this Grace, that, at the least,
My Love may reach the utmost height
Thou shalt concede. The perfect Feast
Of *worthy* Love a higher flight
Awaits Above. I only pray
To love Thee, *now*, from day to day,
With all my heart and strength and mind,
And leave all other loves behind.

Da mihi, ut Te diligam amore simplici et gratuito, non mercenario vel ulla mihi proposita utilitate: da, ut amore puro, nulla perversa intentione maculato, nihil ut cupiam [magis] quam Te propter Te. Da mihi, Domine, amorem fortem et invictum, qui nulla pericula, nullos labores, nulla damna, nullas injurias, nullos cruciatus pro Te pati recuset aut abhorreat.

Give me the Love that seeks no gain
For self, or any lower end,
Without deceit, or guile, or stain,
The simple Love that longs to spend
Herself on Thee—the dauntless Love
Whose dangers only serve to prove
How labour, loss, or injury
Can be sustained for Love of Thee.

Da amorem alacrem et diligentem, qui semper occupetur in rebus ad cultum Tuum pertinentibus. Da amorem unitivum, qui nunquam intermittat amare Te, nec unquam separaretur a Te. Da, Domine, amorem inæstimabilem, qui omnia contemnat propter Te: da amorem discretum, qui non excedat legem Tuam zelo et fervore immodico.

Give me the Love, with quickened zeal,
That ever hastens to adore
Thy Name, and helps the heart to feel
The Joy of worship more and more;
Give me the Love that will not bear
Delight apart from Thee, nor spare
Contempt for it, because of Thee,
While jealous for sweet modesty.

Da denique, O Deus meus, ut Te diligam amore ordinato, qui omnia diligat juxta dignitatis cujusque proportionem: Te autem super omnia amore dulci et suavi, qui in nulla re dulcedinem aut oblectationem inveniat præterquam in Te; amore zelo æstuante, qui nihil desideret magis quam Tuam gloriam, nihil magis odio habeat quam ignominiam Sancto Nomini Tuo irrogatam.

Give me well-ordered Love that knows
The worth of what deserves her care
And yields just what the scale allows;
But ever prompt, for Thee, to dare
Resign all joy miscallèd sweet—
Joy *out* of Thee and incomplete;
No glory but Thine own propose,
No hatred know but for Thy foes.

Denique Amore tam violento, ut avellat cor meum ab omni re peritura, semperque ad Te sursum rapiat, donec transeam ex hoc loco exilii in Patriam illam Cœlestem, ubi facie ad Faciem Tuæ videns Pulchritudinis magnitudinem, diligam Te perpetuo cum perfectis illis amatoribus qui nunquam cessant amare et laudare Te Regem Regum, Dominum Dominorum et Deum Deorum in Sion. Amen.

Give me, in fine, the love that tears
  The heart away from fading things,
And ever upward, nearer, bears
  Her on to Thee—with Spirit-Wings,
Until, from Exile to my Home,
To see Thy Face I shall have come,
And There shall love Thee evermore,
And, with Thy loving Saints, adore.

Amen.

Next, the following extract from THOMAS À KEMPIS. It is a mosaic of *excerpta* from his works, put together by J. Merle Horst, the compiler of the celebrated *Paradisus Animæ Christianæ*, and appended to his edition of the *Imitatio* (1664) as an act of devotion before or at the celebration of the Blessed Eucharist.

It may be found useful to some, as a simple Act of spiritual communion.

AN ACT OF EUCHARISTICAL DEVOTION.

Oratio devotissima vel ante vel sub Missa dicenda tam laicis quam sacerdotibus conveniens.

'*Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O God . . . by the which Will we are sanctified through the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ once for all.*'—Heb. x. 9, 10.

I.

Respice, Clementissime Pater, de Sanctuario Tuo et de excelso Cœlorum Habitaculo super Sacrificium acceptabile Tibi. Intuere Sacro-sanctam Hostiam Unigeniti Filii Tui, Quam offert Vultui Tuo pro nobis.

Ipse est enim Summus Sacerdos et Verus Pontifex, Qui non alienam Hostiam sed Propriam Carnem dedit ad immolandum

I.

From out Thy Holy Seat on High,
This saving Sacrifice behold,
Father! with lenient Eye,
'Well-pleasing'—long foretold.

No life of others, man or beast,
This Pontiff offers, but His Own;
In Death the true High Priest
Himself, for us, lies down.

in Ara Crucis pro vita seculi. Propitiare ergo mihi peccatori hodie per Hanc Salutarem Victimam;

This saving Victim pleads to-day
Upon the Cross for such as I
Who dare, in faith, to pray—
'Father, let help be nigh!'

Esto exorabilis mihi infirmo homini multum labili et vitioso, qui non sum dignus respicere cœlum, neque calcare terram, quoniam Te Creatorem meum offendi sæpissime, sæpius agendo, loquendo, cogitando, contra Præcepta Tua, irreverenter et insensate.

To me—corrupt, unstable, weak,
And spoiled by sin, incline Thine Ear,
Unworthy, Lord, to seek
Thy Face; who can but fear

To trace the sky, and tread the earth;
Who have respect and sense ignored
So often, from my birth,
In thought, and act, and word.

Propter quæ omnia merito incurri gravissimam Indignationem Tuam, necnon omnium creaturarum accumulavi inimicitiam. Te enim offenso et despecto, jam utique justo judicio omnis adversatur creatura peccatori.

Nor only have I thus procured
Thy wrath, to fall upon my head;
I have the enmity secured
Of creatures justly led,

By their Creator so despised,
To smite the scorner; Love Divine,
In hatred oft disguised,
Puts forth the avenging sign.

Sed Omnipotens et Deus totius consolationis, miserere mihi servo Tuo, ex intimo corde pœnitenti et dolenti;

O God, through Thy consoling Power,
Have pity on Thy servant's soul,
Mine innocence restore,
My bruisèd heart make whole;

Quoniam ex nihilo factus sum et in peccatis conceptus, ut fragilis homo, cecidi.

Of nothing made, conceived in sin,
My life on earth, as fragile clay
With no main force within,
From Thee has fallen away.

Parce mihi, Domine, parce; da veniam filio prodigo ad Te revertenti de siliquis porcorum, et stanti ante thronum Gloriæ Tuæ a mane usque ad vesperam; donec descendat ros Gratiæ et pluvia consolationis super terram cordis mei, quod jam aruit et contabuit præ multitudine peccatorum.

Spare, Lord, Thy weary prodigal;
Returning from the 'husks' and 'swine'
Contrite, I suppliant fall
Beneath Thy Throne Divine;

I wait on Thee from morn till eve,
Until Thy Grace shall, as the dew,
My sin-scorched soul relieve,
And flower and fruit renew.

Propter Temetipsum inclina Deus Meus Aurem Tuam mihi, et exaudi verba mea. Mirifica misericordias Tuas, Qui salvos facis sperantes in Te.

For Thy dear Name's sake, 'Clemency,'
Of saving Arm and listening Ear
Thy Marvels show to me,
Whose Hope hath banished fear.

Scio, quia non propter opera mea facies, si quæ forte videntur; sed propter Bonitatem Tuam, Domine, Quæ immensurabilis prædicatur.

No good of mine will move Thy Power,
If good of mine could ever be;
But an exhaustless shower
Of Bounty falls from Thee.

Amplius autem exaudi me per singulare meritum Amantissimi et Dulcissimi Filii Tui Jesu Christi, Qui pro peccatoribus crucifixus est et mortuus, ut omnium peccata deleret Passione Sua.

So will I sue Thee all the more,
And more prevail, through Him Who died
For me—my sins Who bore,
For me was crucified.

II.

II.

Recordare, Alme Pater, inæstimabilis Caritatis Ejus, quomodo in mortem tradidit Animam Suam, ut vivificaret populum Suum; Qui in nullo Sibi pepercit ut reis et damnatis in æternum parceres.

Remember, gracious Father, how
His Love gave up His Life to Death,
Upon His people to bestow
Himself—of Life the Breath;

There were no stripes He did not bear,
That from an earnèd evil doom
He might the guilty spare,
And from eternal gloom.

Memento Amarissimæ Passionis Ejus, quam gravia et indigna suscepit,

Remember all the bitter pain,
The outrage, insult, and offence,
The grievous mental strain,
The furious violence;

The thirst, the vinegar and gall—
From dawn to close, one Toil of woe,
To free the prodigal,
And reconcile the foe;

qualiter, ab hora matutina usque ad Exitum Suum in Cruce, pro humano genere laboravit, clamans Sanguinis Sui effusione pro reconciliandis Tibi peccatoribus; ut amicos de inimicis faceret et de Suis profugis adoptionis filios.

I offer Thee His Cry of Blood
From Hands and Feet and piercèd Side—
Of Love His Passion-flood,
Extending far and wide.

O Summe Venerande et Colende Pater, hodie Tibi repræsento omnia Signa Passionis Unici Filii Tui, cum nostra supplicatione, atque suffragio omnium Beatorum Martyrum qui eandem Passionem specialius imitati sunt.

Yea, mighty Father, every Sign
Of suffering in Thy Only Son
I offer—and combine
In prayer with many a one

Who, martyred, pleads through Him to Thee
That, by Thy Grace, the cross he bore
Was *His*, in some degree,
Whom now the Blest adore.

Aspice et cognosce, Cujus sunt Signa Amabilia adoranda per secula: Ecce Crux, Clavi, Lancea, Fel, Arundo, Spongia, Sputa, Flagella, Corona spinea, Sudor sanguinis, Alapa, Virga, Fustis, Columna, Alba Vestis, Purpura, et inconsutilis Tunica.

Behold that Cross—the Nails, the Spear,
The Reed, the Sponge, the Crown of thorn,
The Sweat of Blood, the Fear,
The Scourge so meekly borne,

The purple Stole, the bended knee,
The Sceptre, and the Robe of white,
The scornful 'Hail to Thee!'
The Darkness as of night,

The cast of dice the soldiers threw,
And, last of all—Mysterious Theme
Of which they nothing knew—
The Coat without a seam!

Ista sunt Pretiosa Ornamenta et Regalia Vexilla, Quibus ad debellandas aereas Potestates processit Unigenitus Tuus in nostræ carnis substantia.

These are His War-caparison,
His Oriflambs of Royal Might,
When issues forth Thy Son
Aërial Powers to fight.

Ista sunt Arma bellica Quibus mors devicta est, et Humana Natura redempta; per hæc, igitur, benedicta et gloriosa Passionis insignia dimitte mihi omnia peccata mea.

These are the Arms that Death subdued,
And our Humanity restored;
A life, by these renewed
O grant me, Blessed Lord!

Sit mihi hæc veneranda Armatura et decora contra omnia vitia et tentamenta singularis potentia.

Be these the Arms I venerate,
The Powers to grace me and adorn
In every trial, small and great,
And conflict to be borne!

Sit mihi quotidianum Speculum et dulcissimum animæ meæ Solatium dolorosum et flebile Spectaculum.

Be these my Theme of daily thought,
Of sweetest comfort to my heart,
Yet, not unweeping, sought
With sorrow for my part!

III.

Suscipe, Sanctissime Pater, Gratissimam Hostiam Oblati Corporis Filii Tui Quam Tu Ipse Tibi præparasti,

III.

The Body Which Thou hast prepared
For Jesus, Thy Belovèd Son,
Father of Love, regard—
The Oblation Pure and One,

ac, in sempiternum, Satisfactoriam, Dignam atque Sufficientem esse voluisti, ad exhauriendum omnia peccata, tam contracta quam voluntate admissa.

The All-sufficient Sacrifice,
The Satisfaction All-alone,
For sin and guiltiness
Inherited and done!

In This Oblation, made to-day,
Most Gracious, Holy, and Sublime—
Which, morn by morn alway
Until the end of time,

Suscipe me pariter hodie in sancta Oblatione, Qua nulla sanctior et præstantior, Quæ Tibi venerabiliter offertur per manus sacerdotum Tuorum diebus singulis, pro vivis et mortuis, ac pro cunctis necessitatibus nostris.

Thy Priests, with mission from their Head,
Present—accept me, and concede
To souls of quick and dead
The gifts they daily need.

Proficiat Hæc mihi, et omnibus orationibus meis commendatis, quorum necessitas et fides Tibi notæ sunt, sive jam præsentes sive absentes huic solemni celebrationi existant.

For me, and all whose names in prayer,
Whose faith and wants, are known to Thee,
In body or in spirit There,
Accept This Perfect Plea!

Perveniant ad Te preces eorum et devotio; cooperetur illis ad Salutem ineffabilis Virtus et Efficacia Sacramenti,

Be This our Sacrament of Grace,
Dispensing fruit and power to prayer,
We dare not rashly trace
The How, or When, or Where,

Quod Divinitus est institutum non humanitus investigandum sed pie colendum, fideliter adorandum, firmiter credendum et usque ad consummationem seculi continuandum.

Ordained by God, to be adored,
And to the end of Time received,
By none to be explored,
By all to be believed!

O Pretiosissimum et Suavissimum Sacrificium Quod Tibi Æterno Patri pro nobis obtulit Coæternus Filius Tuus!

O sweet and precious Sacrifice,
Paid by Thy Co-eternal Son,
His Blood the costly Price,
To Thee, Eternal One!

Factus et ipse Hostia, Vera, Viva, Salutaris, Unica et Perfecta; Qui erat solus Pontifex Immaculatus Sanctus et Immunis ab omni delicto; non habens necesse prius pro Semetipso rogare,

Himself the Victim, Living, Pure,
Sole Priest without a stain
Of sin, or need of cure
By sacrifice again,

sed pro debitoribus mortis *semel* moriens intercessit, non habentibus nec invenientibus in universa creatura quid pro delicto suo redderent.

Once only He for sinners died,
Who had none else to set them free,
No other Veil to hide
Their vast iniquity.

Jam igitur non despero neque ultro desperabo de venia et curatione peccatorum, quotiescunque etiam me peccatorem apprehenderit.

Hence I do not despair, nor will,
Of Pardon and Absolving Grace,
As oft as, doing ill,
Thy Image I deface.

Inveni enim Fontem Quo lavandus accedam: Medicum ad Quem sanandus recurram.

One Only Spring I, blest, have found,
One Sole Physician's Healing Art,
To cure each smarting wound,
To cleanse each filthy part.

Scio Ubi sit spes mea et universa consolatio: quia in Passionibus et Vulneribus Domini Mei Jesu Christi summa salutis totaque ratio spei meæ consistit et abundat.

I know Where all my Solace lies
And Hope—within the Piercèd Side
Of Christ, my Sacrifice,
For ever open wide.

Per omnia Benedictus sis, Deus Meus, Qui tam Magna et Immensa Divinæ Largitatis Beneficia contulisti mihi! Istis namque vehementer me accendis ad regratiandum Tibi et Dilecto Filio Tuo.

Thanks be to Thee, my God and Lord,
For all Thy Gifts conferred on me;
Be Thou, in turn, adored
And praised eternally!

IV.

Sed, O Mi Pater Fidelissime, quid agam, quia nil dignum in me reperio aptum Dono Gratiæ Tuæ? Verumtamen, Bone Pater, Cujus sunt omnia Dona Bonorum, scio, quia nullius indiges, et tamen Te parva nostra delectant et si ea devote et spontanee Tibi videris offerri.

IV.

But, Father, what have I to give,
That Thou canst worthily receive,
In Whom all Blessings live,
Whom no man can bereave?

And yet my little best, I know,
Is welcome, on Thy gracious Part,
If it shall freely go
From out this inmost heart.

Dabo igitur aliquid et modicum, et quod, mihi relictum, deperire potest, Amori Tuo sacrificabo. Nam Tibi oblatum melius mihi manet, et tamen Merces futura non deerit tam libere offerenti.

So will I pay Thee, out of love,
What, left to me, would sure be lost,
But, given to Thee, will prove
Reward for all it cost.

Si auderet quis inhæsitanter se donare Tibi, Tu Te utique redderes illi, fieretque quod ore Capitis Nostri dictum est: *Date et dabitur vobis.*

Thou shalt be Mine, if to be Thine,
Without a doubt, I shall have striven,
Fulfilling words Divine—
'Give, and it shall be given.'

Nunc ergo, si digneris accipere, ecce voluntarie meipsum offero, et Tuæ Dispositioni animam meam et corpus meum fidenter derelinquo.

So now if Thou wilt, Gracious, deign
My soul and body to receive,
The joy of each pain
With Thee I freely leave.

Voluntatem quoque propriam (qua pinguius nil Tibi offertur) ex hac hora et deinceps promptissimo corde resigno, quemadmodum Dilectus Filius Tuus Christus Dominus Noster Suam Tibi commisit Voluntatem, ut nostram in Sua abnegatione obtineret salutem, formam præbens sequentibus Se fidelibus brevi et pleno sermone quem dixit: *Pater Mi, non sicut Ego volo sed sicut Tu; fiat Voluntas Tua.*

My will—the richest gift I have—
Now and henceforth I yield to Thine—
Sweet pattern Jesus gave,
To make His Practice mine,

Whose Will resigned brought Life to me;
'Father, Thy Will not Mine be done'
He prayed, of Charity,
To make my 'spirit one.'

V.

Hoc itaque Exemplo vehementer admonitus, Te inspirante et juvante, denuo me resigno, et omnibus quæ mundi sunt renuntio; carnis desideria despicio; omnes actus et nefaria consilia maligni spiritus abjicio;

V.

By His Example warned, inspired,
Myself and all the world resigned,
No lust of flesh desired,
All Satan's bribes declined,

Tibi me despondeo: Tuo adhærere servitio cunctis diebus vitæ meæ concupisco; jamjamque devote id agere instituo.

Betrothed, and pledged—I fain would cling
To Thee, and serve Thee all my days,
With This One Offering
Of Eucharistic Praise.

Adhuc vero, ut plenius perficiam voluntatem Tuam, meam frangere, paratus sum per veram obedientiam quam Tibi in Prælato meo teneor exhibere. Ejus enim voci cum obedio, Tibi veraciter obedio;

Thy Will the more to bear and do,
I will my own to mortify,
And pay the homage due
To all placed over me;

Ergo illius manibus, tanquam parvulus in Christo, renatus, Qui se Baptistæ manibus humiliter inclinavit, gubernandum me submitto.

As Jesus to his herald John
Submitted with Humility,
So I, as suits a 'little one,'
Will serve Authority.

Fratrum quoque meorum consiliis et sermonibus, tota humilitate et pia caritate libens parebo, quos nimirum sanctiores et longe me sapientiores, intelligentiæ jure, meæ imperfectioni præfero.

To Brethren's counsel and advice,
As wiser, holier than I,
My voice to sacrifice
I purpose willingly.

Tibi autem eandem imperfectionem meam cognitam esse sciens, in defectibus me accuso, atque sanioris emendationis Remedium a Te exposco;

Known unto Thee, from end to end,
Are all the faults which I accuse;
I ask Thee to amend
Each one, or else excuse;

quatenus Benevolentissima Manus Tua, Quæ omnem infirmitatem curat, et omnem impotentem roborat, meam indigentiam non relinquat.

Thou to my soul I, glad, confess,
Art Source of Health and Strength Alone,
Relieving the distress
Of weakness all my own;

Per Eundem Dominum Nostrum Jesum Christum. Amen.

Be still That Healing 'Remedy'
For Which we crave with one accord,
Through Saving Unity
With Jesus Christ our Lord!
Amen.

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